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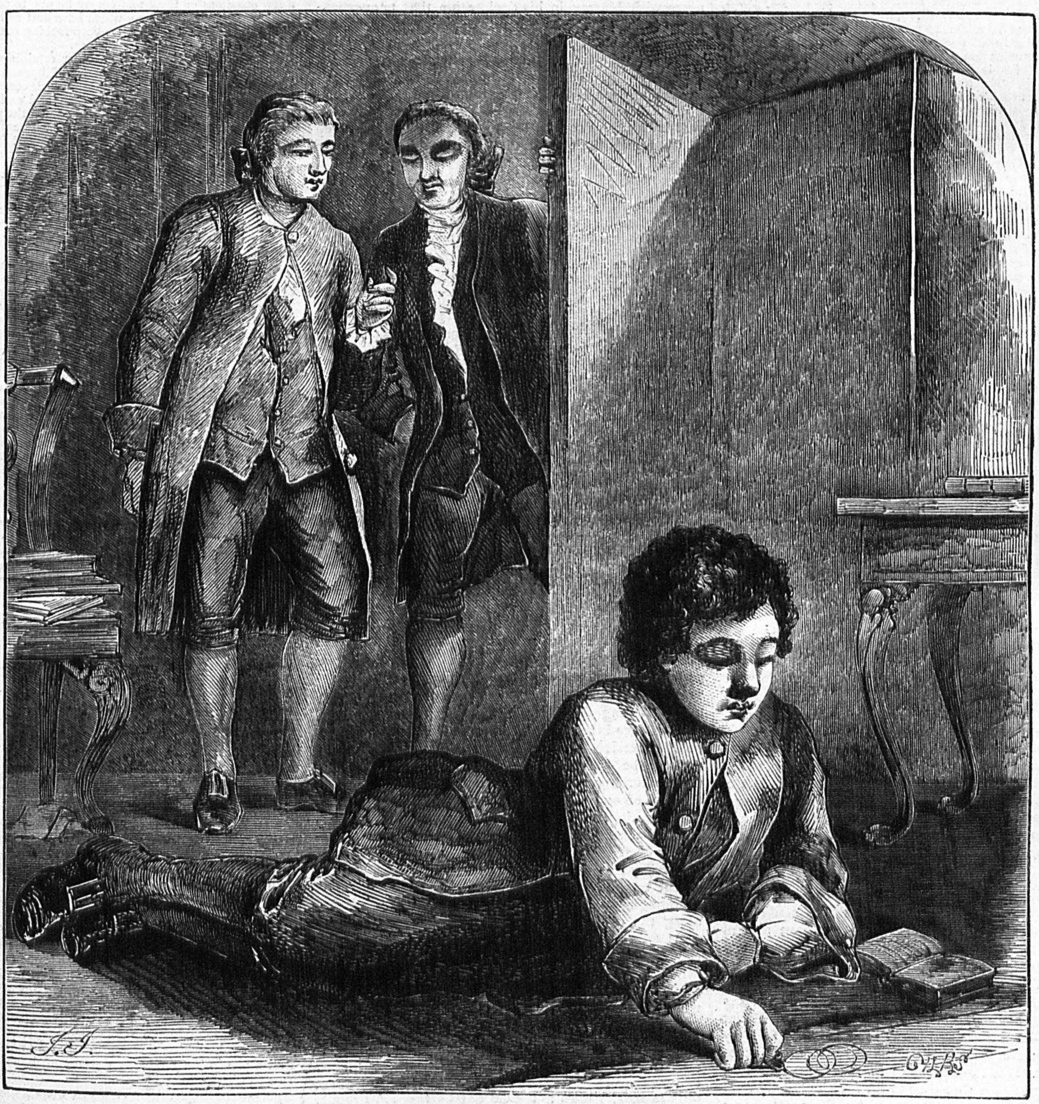

THE BOY ENGINEER.—JAMES WATT.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

CAPE CORNWALL.

OUR picture, which appears on page 388, carries us once more away from the soft charms of Devon to the wild, sea-girt rocks of the uttermost western shores of our island. That great, towering peak beyond the little bay is Cape Cornwall. It stands about five miles on the north side of Land's End, whence it is one of the most conspicuous objects in the distance, on the spectator's right hand. Cape Cornwall is a bold headland rising to a considerable height above the sea level. It is within an easy walking distance of the little town of St. Just, to which place omnibuses run from Penzance. The figure which crowns the summit of the hill rises from the old mine shaft, and is at the same time a landmark to mariners at sea. Those rocks, and these gorges running many miles inland, are covered with gorse and ferns. The tourist should be accompanied by a lad as guide, in order to save time and to avoid missing some of the chief scenes of interest and picturesque points of view. From Murray, who affords us much assistance in exploring these remarkable regions, we quote the following excellent account of Cape Cornwall :—

> From the top of the Cape there is a fine view to the southward of the cliffs as far as the Land's End. At the very point is the old engine-house, now disused, once belonging to Little Bounds, a submarine mine. In part of these works, significantly called Saveall's Lode, the avarice of the miner has actually opened a communication with the sea, and the breach, which is covered every tide, is protected by a platform caulked like the deck of a ship. The noise of the waves is distinctly heard in every part of the mine. In the forty fathom level a curious crop of stalactites (specimens of which may be seen in the museum at Penzance) has been formed by the dripping of the water through the roof of the mine. . . . Cape Cornwall should be visited, as it commands a most interesting view of the coast. In Pornanvon Cove, just south of it, is a fine example of a raised beach, fifteen feet above high-water mark. In the stormy winter of 1850-1 the Brisons were the scene of a remarkable shipwreck. Before daybreak, on the 11th of January, during a gale from the south-west, the brig *New Commercial*, bound from Liverpool to the Spanish Main, struck upon a ledge of rocks between the Great and Little Brison, and, as the sea ran very high, went speedily to pieces. The crew, consisting of nine men with one woman, the wife of the master, succeeded in landing upon the ledge; but the tide was rising, and their position became momentarily more perilous. At length a tremendous wave broke amongst them; the whole party were swept into the sea, and seven out of the ten sunk at once to rise no more. Of the remaining three one, a mulatto, reached a portion of the floating wreck, and by using a plank for a paddle, and a rag of canvas for a sail, contrived to keep clear of the broken water, and was eventually rescued by the Sennen fishermen. The other two, the master and his wife, were washed upon the Little Brison, where they gained a footing and climbed above the reach of the waves. Whilst these poor people were thus struggling for their lives, efforts were being made for their rescue. Her Majesty's cutter *Sylvia* was working gallantly round Land's End, and soon her boat was lowered, and a most dangerous attempt made to approach the Brisons, but the sea was so terrific it was found impossible to get near them; and the night soon closed in wet and stormy. When day dawned on the morrow, the man and his wife were still seen upon the rock; and as the wind had slightly abated and changed in direction, another attempt was made for their rescue. Captain Davies, the officer of the Coast Guard, provided a number of rockets, and, in company with other boats, pushed gallantly from the shore; but it was found impracticable to approach the fatal spot within 100 yards. The rockets, however, were promptly discharged, and at length a line fell in the desired direction across the Brison. The man tied it round the waist of his wife, and after some hesitation she plunged into the sea, whilst a succession of heavy breakers rolled over the rocks, periling the safety of all. The rope was, however, drawn speedily into the boat; but the unfortunate woman, although she breathed when taken from the water, shortly afterwards expired. The man had sufficient strength to survive the immersion; he was dragged into one of the other boats, and, though greatly exhausted, finally recovered.

The annals of Cornwall teem with events like these. It is a country of adventure, of peril, and of strange, weird old history and tradition. Every Cornishman has a stock of stories to tell the tourist, and almost every Cornishman, let us say, is a man of some intelligence and a man who appreciates the grand, sublime, and terrible scenery by which he is surrounded.

PENZANCE.

It is hardly right to turn from Penzance without further reference to the excursions which should be made from this central position, the more so as we have several more pictures of the Cornwall district in the engraver's hands. The first excursion is naturally to St. Michael's Mount. We shall have something to say of this picturesque rock and buildings when our drawing of it is published. You can go by boat to St. Michael's Mount for five shillings there and back, you can walk to it by road, or you can drive. We think the pleasantest route is by water. It is three miles by road, and two by water. The next excursion should be to St. Ives by the old road over Castell-an-Dinas, returning by the north coast through Zennor. There are two other ways of going, including one by rail. As we said before, these particulars are best obtained on the spot when the tourist does not find sufficient information in his guide book. By the way, a correspondent has drawn our attention to the remarks which we made in this direction as ignoring other hotels in the town besides those on the Esplanade. We are told that the Union is an excellent hotel. We daresay it is, and that there are others equally good; but we spoke and still speak more particularly of the Queen's, having, like its next door neighbour, a sea view, and our opinion of its admirable management is formed upon personal experience. Nevertheless, we have no desire to disparage other houses. The next excursion in order is from Penzance to the Gurnard's Head, returning by Morvah and Madron, visiting Chûn Castle, the Holed Stone, Lanyon Quoit, and Trenwainton Cairn. The Gurnard's Head is seven miles from Penzance. The fourth excursion should be from Penzance to St. Just, Cape Cornwall, returning by Newbridge; and the fifth excursion should be to the Land's End proper, returning by the Logan Rock and Buryan. Cape Cornwall, which is to be taken in the fourth excursion, is of course at the Land's End, but the routes are divided in such a way as to include special points, which take up a day's investigation. There is nothing arbitrary, however, in these routes. The tourist can make out his own excursions in his own way, and may well spend many days in wandering about the coast at the Land's End. A good pedestrian will find the district a never-ending walk of pleasure. Almost every yard of ground traversed yields a fresh view, a new point of beauty, a bit of sea or coast especially picturesque from the unindicated place where you stop accidentally to look around. The local guides, or the people at the Land's End Hotel, will be enabled to point out to the tourist many well-worn routes along the cliffs. The coast bristles with striking points which are all known and fixed by name. We agree with Murray in his declaration that unquestionably the finest cliff scenery in the west of Cornwall lies between the Land's End and the Logan Rock, and that the two finest points there are Pardenick Point and Tol Pedn Penwith. The only way to see this grand picture of rock and sea is to walk along the cliff, a distance of about six miles. The writer of a London letter in a well-known west country journal, whom we encountered at the Land's End, gives us a curious memorandum of his visit to the Logan Rock :—

> This morning I met an old man who sells photographs at the Logan Rock, and two other men—one a guide, and the other a guide and rocker-in-general to the rocking-stone. They had been born and bred close by, and had lived to be hale, hearty men; yet they had never seen a London newspaper! Shade of the Levys, they had never seen the *Telegraph!* "But you have seen the *Illustrated London News?*" "No, sir." "Not a newspaper with pictures in it?" "No, sir." "Not the *Graphic?*" No, sir; we have never seen anything but the Penzance paper. They takes London papers, no doubt, at Penzance, but we've never seen them." "Happy men," I said; "happy men." "Has the picture papers any pictures like these?" "Yes; better than photographs," I replied. "We should like to see one of them, if you would be so kind as to buy one and send it in the post." Wretched tempter that I am, I promised to send these unsophisticated men a bundle of illustrated newspapers; and I shall keep my word. This is how I reward innocence; this is my gratitude for rest and pure air. Perhaps I may embitter these men's souls for the remainder of their days. They may get an appetite for news—not only for news, but current events illustrated; and heaven only knows where this new desire, this new passion of their declining days, may lead them. It makes me giddy to think what I have done. I must compose myself. There is ice at the last town in England, there is also soda water, and I carry a flask of real brandy. It is also well to bring your own cigarettes to the Land's End. I marvel at myself that I feel so happy in spite of having played the serpent to those happy men in the paradise at Logan Rock. I have not seen a London newspaper for three days, nor a London letter, nor anything but sea and rock and yellow and purple heather, which covers the country here in great bright patches of colour.

Our friend tells the simple truth about these men at the Logan Rock. We took their addresses in order to give them an agreeable surprise in the way of picture papers, but we left the note at our hotel. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER having since penetrated many of these outlying districts, the Cornishmen may already have enlarged their knowledge of London papers. The sixth excursion from Penzance is a very short one, and can be done in an afternoon. It is to Lamorna Cove, returning by Mousehole and Newlyn. We took the cove on our way to the Land's End. It is rather disappointing. Formerly it was a very charming spot. It is now the site of some granite works which altogether destroy the romantic character of the little bay. The valley leading to the shore is pretty still, a musical rivulet tumbling down the centre beneath a mass of overhanging foliage. Mousehole is about two miles along the cliff. Between Penzance and Newlyn the ruins of an engine-house indicate the locality of the once famous Wheny mine, the levels of which were driven underneath the bay, the shaft being actually sunk through the sea. The last excursion of the series is to the Scilly Islands, which some people make first on their arrival at Penzance. They are reached by steamer, and are well worthy a visit of several days, not only for their natural beauties, their solitude in the deep, but for their romantic association with the very earliest history of our own country. They consist of a group of about forty islands, known to the Greeks as the Tin Islands. Mr. Augustus Smith, M.P. for Truro, is the lessee, or Lord Proprietor of the islands, and visitors speak in glowing terms of his exquisitely laid-out and highly cultivated gardens, and no less of his generous hospitality. With all these notable places within reach of Penzance, and surrounded as the town is by some of the most romantic scenery in England, the Penzance authorities cannot be too energetic and enterprising in making their town attractive to the tourist, and comfortable to him as a resting place.

"NOTES ON PENZANCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

SIR,—The article in your number of 19th instant, referring to our town, is so manifestly the work of a writer whose visit has been hurried, or whose information has been insufficient, that I am sure you will afford me a corner to prove that we are not the unenterprising set of antiquities he would paint us.

Our last census gave us about 10,000 inhabitants. From this number may be fairly deducted 1,000 for sailors, visitors, and the usual shifting population of a seaside place. We, therefore, only boast of 9,000 men, women, and children, as Penzance proper. We are 330 miles from London, and within ten of the Land's End. We pick no holes in the garments of our neighbours, yet we say (for we know it) we are the richest and most flourishing town in Cornwall. In the last five years we have spent £17,000 in erecting a splendid pile of buildings containing our Town-hall, Public Buildings, Lecture-hall, the Geological Museum of Cornwall (the finest in the West of England), our Public Library, News-rooms, Masonic-hall, St. John's Hall, containing an organ which cost £1,200, &c.; a pile of buildings second to none west of Exeter, as admitted by all comers. Did your correspondent visit these? St. Mary's Church, with its peal of bells and glorious choir and organ; St. Paul's, a gem of mediæval church decoration. Did your correspondent go to church at Penzance?

We were amongst the very first in England to adopt the provisions of the Local Board of Health Act, and our system of drainage, our water supply, and general sanitary measures will vie—and we challenge the remark—with any in England.

Your correspondent admits that the scenery about us is picturesque; can he tell us of a spot in England where the resident "gentry" are more liberal (truly liberal) in throwing open their grounds to visitors, or has he ever trod more beautiful gardens?

Your correspondent admits that we have "a sea and a beach." Has he inquired, and does he know, what the Esplanade has cost the town? Does he know what Alexandra-road, the Albert Pier, the new extension, the wharves, the deepening of the harbour, have cost and are costing us? He might have asked a few questions on these matters ere he put to paper the superficial ideas about Penzance, which have hurt us because they are unmerited. I am afraid he has been looking out of the Queen's Hotel and thought he saw Penzance.

Does he know that we have other establishments, such as Longhurst's—dear to the memories of bygone coaching days and present comforts, quietude, exactness, liberality; the Western—cradled in domestic serenity and easiness, where the wayworn or foot-weary traveller can smoke the pipe of the just over a tankard of the "correct thing"? These places, and many others, are facts in the town which exist apart from the Esplanade, and no visitor need go without an hostelry suited to his pocket or disposition.

We certainly do not advertise our town; it advertises itself—at least, we think so, and we would refer to our poor rate to show that our poor are not in excess of those of other neighbourhoods of the same extent. We have benefit societies owning some thousands as their accumulated funds and—four policemen protect us!

Your correspondent sneers at Botallack Mine; well—he can do so, for it was not made for him. "Sights" are only interesting from the point of view at which they are observed. There are people who would give their ears to see a *real* Editor or a "Special Correspondent," and others who would think the view dear at "ten pence" or ten farthings, as not worth seeing at any price!

We wish to welcome strangers, and we are open to criticism, fairly used and truthfully applied—for we think we can take care of ourselves if improperly attacked. We certainly return no member to Parliament; we do not blush, however, for this, for considering the composition of the present one, we have no desire to have part or parcel therewith.

In conclusion, we are proud of our town and neighbourhood, and I am sure we shall support THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER so long as its sketches have a "neutral tint" about them, and are founded on fact.—Faithfully yours,

J. H. H.

Penzance, 21st August, 1871.

[Our "Special," we are sure, will rejoice with us that Penzance is, at least, energetic enough to make a vigorous defence of its character for enterprise and liberality. We have allowed "J. H. H." his full fling at our "Special," who will, no doubt, have something to say upon the subject next week.—ED. I. N.]

WILKIE AND HAYDON.—Wilkie was mentioning to me something about the material or vehicle he painted some parts of this picture with, and Haydon, laughing, stopped him, saying, "No! now, Wilkie, don't pester Bewick with that," and added to me, "Every man, I suppose, must have his hobby, and Wilkie's hobby is, and always has been, *vehicle*. He has been running after this mystery, this *ignis fatuus*, ever since he began to paint; and like Sir Joshua, who did the same thing, he will always and for ever get further and further from the objects of his search, and there will be a pretty look-out fifty or a hundred years after this, when his pictures fade, or crack, or turn black, or do something to astonish and disappoint posterity." Wilkie laughed and said, "Well, well, it is, after all, an important matter." "Yes," replied Haydon, "it is important to be contented with what has already been found to stand the test of time."—*Life and Letters of William Bewick*.

THE *New York Herald* says the first claim against the United States filed with the British agent in New York, under the Treaty of Washington, is that of James Crutchett, a resident in that district, involving a large sum of money. This statement shows that he is a British subject, and that the United States Government, at the commencement of the civil war, seized his Mount Vernon cane factory, near the railway depôt, for military purposes, by which the machinery was rendered useless, and a profitable business destroyed, besides other injuries to his property.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—THE GRAND REQUISITES.—Nobody will deny the assertion that for man's comfort and happiness, pure blood and a sound stomach rank among his first requirements. Both may be safely and inexpensively secured by these admirable Pills, which act gently on the weakest frames, and cause no violent shock to the most sensitive system. Holloway's Pills have proved themselves competent to deal constitutionally with those infirmities which descend from parent to offspring, which often mar the brightest prospects, and throw a constant gloom over youth. These Pills purify both the solids and the fluids of the body, and by that salutary process, rouse every organ to perform naturally its proper function; every nerve its proper duty.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

COUNTRY LIFE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STOWMARKET FACTORY.

WHILE we read the details of the dreadful tragedy at Stowmarket, we are constantly reminded of a quiet day we spent some years ago inspecting and trying to understand every part of the process of gun-cotton manufacture carried on in those fatal works. Our guide and instructor was Mr. Edward Prentice, whose death was one of the most horrible incidents of the second explosion. We can very well understand the confidence with which he started forward to withdraw the boxes of gun-cotton from the danger of catching fire, assuring those around him that there was nothing to fear; for he was, we remember, very strong in his faith in the safety of the processes, and pointed out continually the scientific and physical obstacles which had been contrived to prevent the possibility of accident. He explained the experiments that had been made, insisted on their conclusive character, entered deeply into the theory of the action of the acids, and gave an interesting explanation of the mechanical as well as the chemical laws which rendered the material harmless under operation and storage, though all potent in use. We hardly know how to imagine that great factory in ruins. To our mind's eye it is a scene of bright life, cheerfulness, and activity. None of the operations of the various departments were of an irksome or unpleasant character. Everywhere was light, ventilation, and cleanliness, abundance of room to work in, and processes going on which were suggestive of an intelligent interest on the part of the workpeople in what they were doing. At that time the same firm were carrying on, in adjoining works, in each case on a very large scale, the business of maltsters, artificial manure manufacturers, and straw paper makers, and, for a time, we have been informed, they supplied a large proportion of the paper used in the printing of the London *Daily Standard*. A difficulty, however, arose in connection with the effluent water from the paper factory. The fluid ran from the works into the River Gipping, which flows past the buildings, and the consequence was an injunction in Chancery to stop the pollution of the stream. It was hoped at the time that a means might be devised to purify the water before its discharge, but we believe that, partly through the difficulty of adopting such a contrivance, but chiefly because of the rapid and vast development of the gun-cotton business, the paper-making was allowed to fall into abeyance, and of late the greater part of the energy of this most enterprising firm has been bestowed upon the cotton works. It has been noted that the coloured glass window of the very handsome and costly Congregational Chapel, which occupies a conspicuous position in the principal street of Stowmarket, and is one of the chief architectural ornaments of the town, was shaken to pieces by the shock of the explosion; it might have been observed at the same time that this beautiful chapel was built almost at the sole cost of Mr. Manning Prentice, the head of this firm, who is a great leader of the Congregational interest in Suffolk, occupying some such position in his district as does Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., in the country generally.

THE SECOND ESTATE.

As was to be expected, Birmingham grew very warm on the subject of the rejection of the Ballot Bill by the House of Lords. We have not thought it worth while to quote any public proceedings on the subject, since it is very easy to imagine what such earnest Radicals would say, but a local correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News* expresses his own and his *confrères'* views with so much vigour and terseness that we cannot resist the temptation to cull a specimen:—

> The House of Lords must be reformed, or abolished. I suppose a Second Chamber is desirable; but do not let us be burdened with such a set of men as compose the present House of Lords—the eldest sons of eldest sons, the accidents of accidents. The present lords are all landowners—the most "felonious" class we have. The late Earl of Clarendon stigmatised his class as "felonious," in stealing their tenants' improvements. The class live by plundering their tenants and the nation. They raise the rent of their land in consequence of the improvements made by the farmers and peasants. They exempt themselves from taxation, which they make the rest of the nation pay. Let this be repeated hundreds of times, till landowners in Parliament are shamed into honesty. Land pays no probate duty. Let the taxpayers of Birmingham think of this. The overwhelming number of landowners in Parliament enables that felonious class to thus exempt themselves from taxation. No other people on this earth is burdened with a more felonious ruling class than this boasting England is. What other nation is there where a class can seize the labour of the cultivators of the soil in the same way as our landowners can seize their tenants' outlay in improvements? The nation may take shame to itself for permitting such a felonious class to make its laws. To destroy the power of landowners for evil is a task worthy of the men of Birmingham. Let Birmingham try to unite all classes of voters—town and country—mechanics and labourers—merchants and farmers—in this excellent object.

What would the Marquis of Salisbury say to this uncompromising opponent of his order?

A GUARDIAN FOR SALE.

Proper names with a meaning sometimes perform curious service in a sentence. Among the sub-headings of subjects in a report of the proceedings of the Altrincham Union, published in the *Warrington Guardian*, appears the phrase, "Additional Guardian for Sale." The natural inference was that the Board were in the habit of selling guardians, and had now an extra one on hand, perhaps to dispose of cheap; but this was an error. By reading what followed we learned that Sale is the name of a township in the Altrincham Union, whose ratepayers are desirous of additional representation on the Board. The Secretary at Whitehall seems to have understood the application, for he asked for particulars of the population and rateable value of Sale. He was a sly reporter who placed that curious line at the head of the paragraph.

LOYAL ORANGEMEN IN LANCASHIRE.

We suppose it is the presence of the Irish and Roman Catholic element in strong force in Lancashire which produces a counter-movement in the shape of Orangeism. We have before us a long report of a gigantic Orange procession and demonstration recently held at Warrington in celebration of the relief of Londonderry. From a very hot speech of a clerical gentleman, the Rev. S. G. Potter, we cull the following warm and pithy passage by way of sample of the proceedings:—

> Ours was a noble Constitution; and yet it was imperilled in the cry now raised, "Down with the House of Lords!" Why? Because the Conservative element in it would not be carried away by the mad will of a mob who were led by such men as Odger, Finlen, Bradlaugh, Frenchified Communists, and Fenians, in their desire to destroy the British Constitution. He was sorry to say that the grand-master of the ceremonies, and one who thought it no disgrace to be followed by such a tail, was the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. (Ironical cheering, and a voice, "He's the people's William.") The history of the Sampson of old was symbolical in its character, and was intended to cheer up the hearts of the loyal, and nerve them for a crisis like the present. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth honey." The riddle was put to the Philistines, but they could not solve it, and the answer was found in the fact of a lion having been killed and the bees making honey in his carcase. So it was that in his (the speaker's) own lodge, and upon every public occasion that presented itself, he gave as one of the first toasts, the health of the Orange recruiting sergeant—William Ewart Gladstone. (Cheers, and a cry, "Bad luck to him.") He did not know whether it would be accepted as a compliment, but they knew the value of the Tropean figure of irony, and while he wished Mr. Gladstone good health, he would have no objection if he were in "kingdom come." Whether they wished his health or not, there was no doubt that he had been instrumental in having quadrupled the Orangemen. They would not be waving their banners and flags and playing their loyal tunes, nor would the Irish Papists attack them, flinging their stones at them, flaunting their green ribbons in their faces, and gnashing their teeth in impotent rage. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The Chairman, in his opening speech, said that the Orangemen wished nobody harm. They did not use insulting language to any of Her Majesty's subjects, nor did they offer to give offence to Roman Catholics; yet they saw them as if they had suddenly jumped up from the infernal regions, gnashing their teeth with rage because Orangemen chose to walk in procession. He produced a stone flung into a carriage in which he was riding, which, if it had struck any one on the head, would have produced dangerous, if not fatal consequences. (The speaker here exhibited a stone some three or four pounds in weight.)

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE HAY MARKET.

LONDON is after all but a country town. Here is the proof it. One pleasant morning this week we were strolling through the North-western district, and presently found ourselves in a broad, open market-place. The area was pretty well surrounded by houses and population, but the atmosphere just there was sweet with a kindly odour reminding us of pastoral scenes of other days in counties far away. There was no mistaking the aromatic rural flavour. We were in the midst of new hay. Here it was in scores and hundreds of tons. The broad area was getting full of agricultural carts, laden to their very utmost capacity with hay. The vehicles were ranged in rows, about twenty-five to the row, and by every avenue came fresh arrivals to fill up the ranks. Some were laden with straw, some with coarse, dark-hued, but delightfully-smelling clover. The vast majority, however, brought nothing but hay to market, and every bundle was fresh made this spring, grown in the superabundant rains of the past season, and mown and garnered in the brief gleams of sunshine between the showers. To those who know Cumberland Market, on the border of Regent's Park, this spectacle is no novelty, but to the typical cockney, if he stops for a moment to think, it must seem a somewhat remarkable thing that this immense quantity of hay, fresh and fragrant from pasture farms, should find its way into this metropolis for sale, as we were informed, three times a week, always in quantity sufficient to nearly fill this great market-place; for this commodity is not brought into the metropolis by railway. It does not radiate towards Regent's Park North-east on barges *viâ* the artificial canal. It is not loaded and unloaded at various stages of the journey from the green country to this smoky city. Every load of hay comes hither on the farmer's own agricultural cart, drawn by his own horse belonging to the farm. We can imagine how early this morning some of it was on the move, to arrive at the mart in time for the business of the day, but yet not quite so soon as the uninitiated might deem necessary. For we examined the farmers' names on the panels of the vehicles and on the outside of the shafts, and found that more than nine-tenths came from rural parishes in Middlesex. And this hay would have done honour to any agricultural country in the island. Plainly Middlesex is not what the misguided world vainly fancies, a vast waste of bricks and tiles and dirt, but a fine pastoral county, supplying hay to London buyers in almost immeasurable quantities.

It is a pleasing and refreshing spectacle. You may see it on any Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday morning as the day wears towards noon. The carts are small for the purpose, and the load projects over the horse's back, and hangs over behind. The animals remain, for a time at least, in the shafts, marshalled all one way like cavalry in line, and each is busily intent upon the contents of a bag of corn hanging from its muzzle There must, indeed, be a good sale for this fresh fodder from the farmyard, cut down only a few hours from the newly-made stack, for enormous is the quantity consumed every day by the horse population of the metropolis. Fortunate is the farmer who lives so near such a market town that he can send his crop to a good market as soon as he pleases, and realise. There were a few exceptions as to the county. One or two carts were from Oxfordshire, one or two from Herts, and these must have had a rather long journey. But Middlesex has the market almost to itself, and does itself credit thereby.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCES.

How would our readers in the country like to occupy a house built on a piece of ground measuring eleven feet by nine feet, and with its back set against a dead wall? There are some such in the district of Holborn, as witness the following passage from a report which appeared in the last issue of the *St. Pancras and Holborn Journal*, of a meeting of the Holborn Board of Works:—

> Mr. Walker asked if any of the houses in the district had been pulled down as unfit for human habitation under Mr. Torrens's Act.
>
> The Medical Officer stated that near Saffron-hill there were some orders to that effect, unless they were put in thorough repair, and the notice had two months to run.
>
> The Clerk stated that three months' notice was always allowed.
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> Mr. Walker thought there were a great number of houses in the district that ought to be taken down under the Act he had mentioned; for instance, there were six houses in Somer's-court, built against a wall, containing forty-seven inhabitants, being only nine feet by eleven in size; as to their being fit for the habitation of human beings, he would not put a donkey in one of them. He asked the Clerk, if, according to the Act, such houses were fit for people to live in.
>
> The Clerk said that was hardly a legal question. The requirements of the Act were that the medical officer should report upon the places, and that the surveyor should visit them and state if they could be repaired, and what was required; the Board then made an order for the work to be done, and if that was not carried ont, they took other proceedings. In his opinion, the fact of there being no back to a house was not sufficient to condemn it.
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> The Medical Officer of Health (Dr. Gibbon) said the houses in Somer's-court were certainly small, but they were all the more healthy for that reason. He found that small houses were more healthy than large ones; for instance, a house with two rooms was healthier than one with twenty, or one eighteen feet high than one 300 feet. In support of that statement, he said the hospitals that had been built latterly were all low.
>
> Mr. Walker thought Dr. Gibbon was labouring under a mistake. The new hospitals he had seen—St. Thomas's, for instance—were not low. He thought the owner of the houses, who was a very rich man, having in his possession no less than 8,000 houses—
>
> A Member of the Board: Eleven thousand.
>
> Mr. Walker: Then 11,000; I am not particular to a thousand or so—should be compelled to keep his property in good order.
>
> Dr. Gibbon said St. Thomas's Hospital was only three storeys high; and he had the health returns to support the statement he had made.
>
> The question dropped.

Dr. Gibbon's reasoning does not quite commend itself to our logical faculty. We can conceive that an isolated house may be, in a sense, healthier for not being large or of elaborate construction, seeing that it would stand the better chance of ventilation; but if a hut is built in a row, with its back to a dead wall, it is not a small house in Dr. Gibbon's sense of the term, but a part of a large house, suffering all the disadvantages and enjoying none of the advantages of size because the tenants cannot circulate through it, nor, indeed, can the air. This is an important matter, and Dr. Gibbon would do well to give a little thought to it before expressing an opinion tending to perpetuate a state of things so undoubtedly injurious to the health of the people.

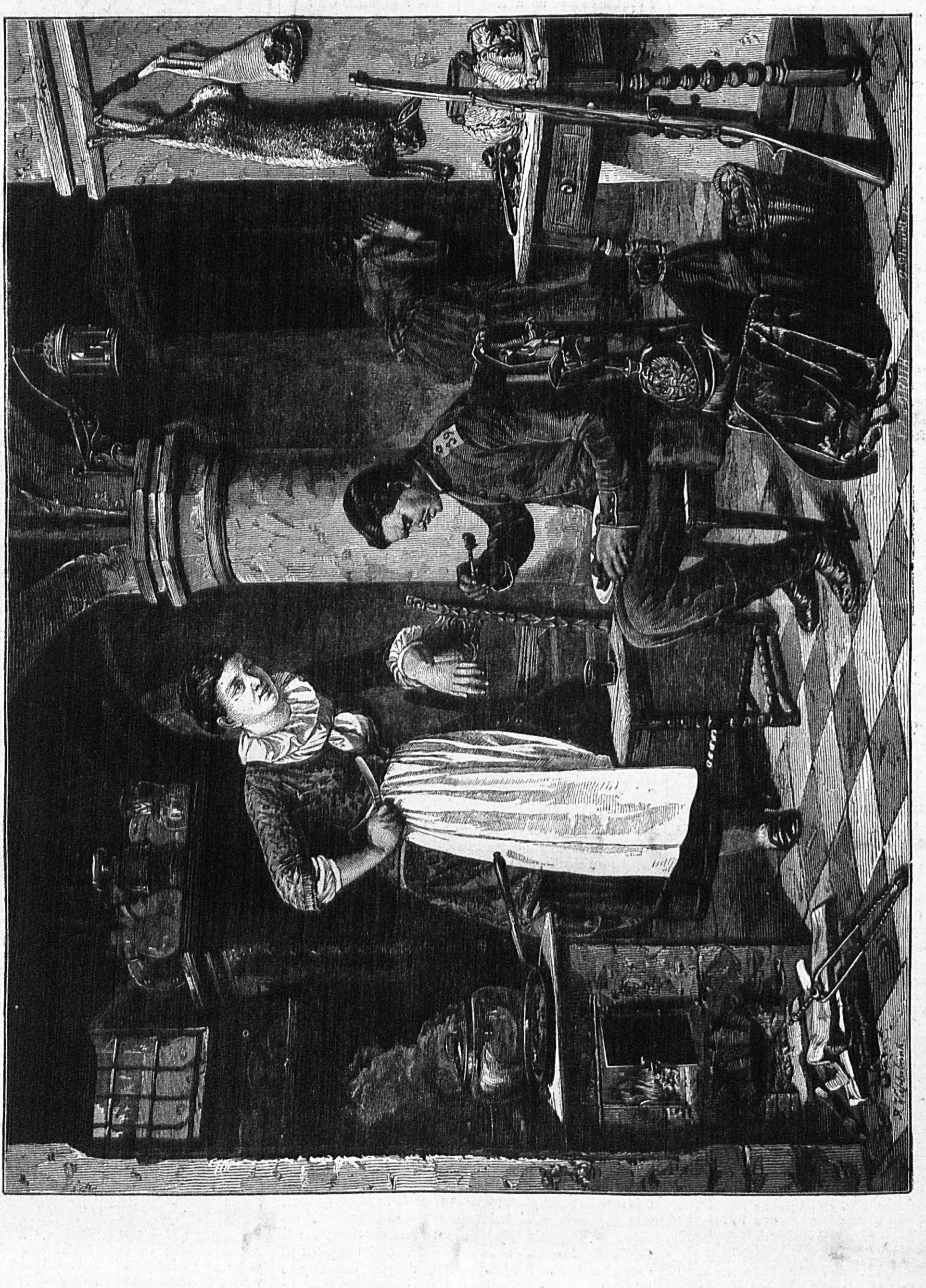
MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The new and magnificent court dresses at this exhibition are superior to anything of the kind which has ever before been offered for public exhibition. They are for the most part from the famous house of Worth, of Paris, and some, not the least beautiful, are from Madame Tussaud's own atelier. The large and spacious rooms are daily and nightly well filled by numerous visitors. Madame Tussaud's deserves to be patronised, and assuredly will continue to be so as long as it is owned and managed by the worthy descendants of the original proprietor.

PLANTS are much more likely to live and thrive if they are transplanted at night rather than in the sunlight. Those who have been unsuccessful in transplanting strawberry and similar plants might find it worth their while to try night-work.

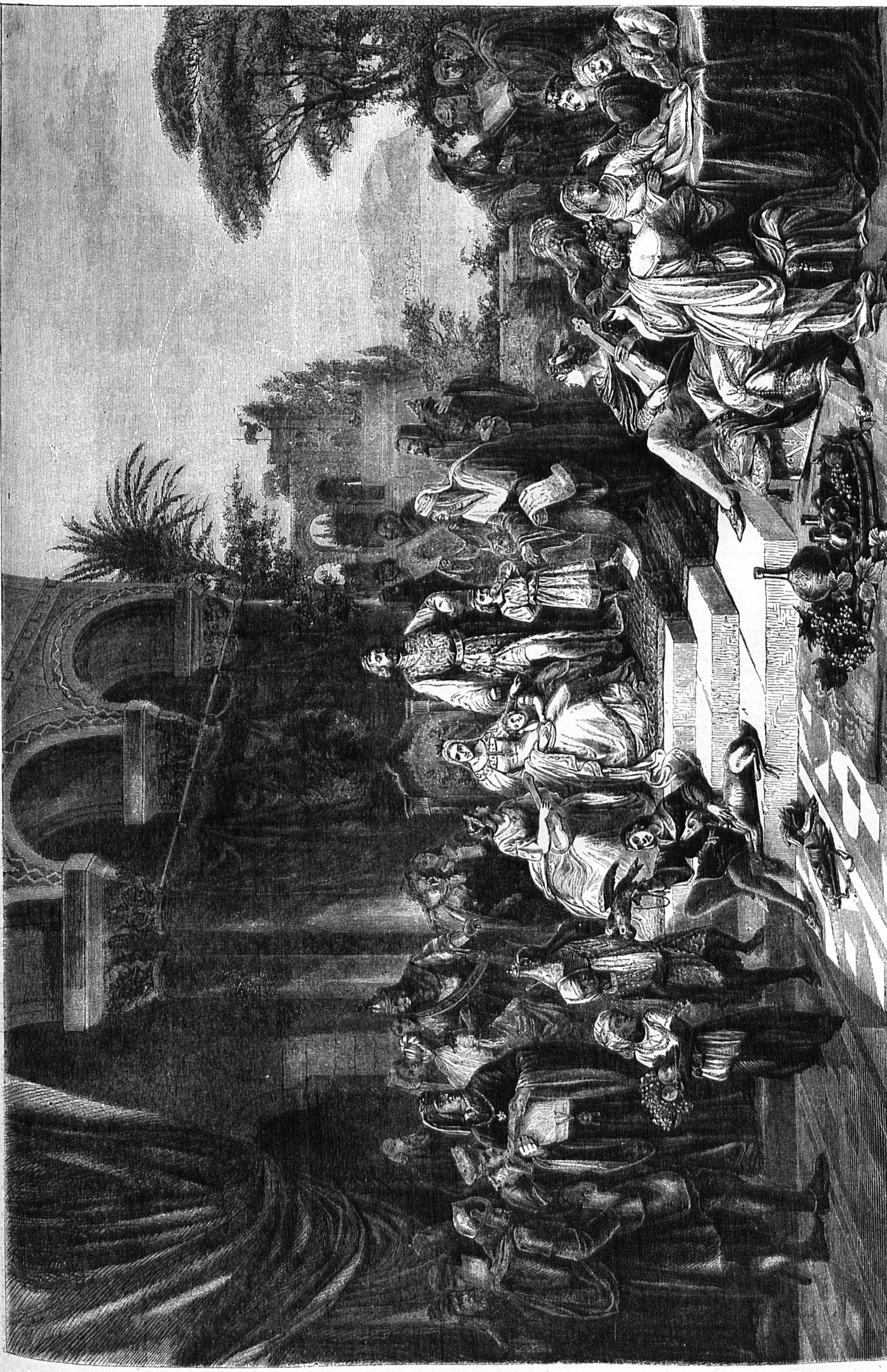
"I have one more word to say, before I close, of the Pain Killer—a most valuable medicine. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking a supply of it with me. I used it freely in my practice for cholera in 1849 and in 1855, and with better success than any other medicine.

"A. HUNTING, M.D.,

"*Manhattan, Kan., April*, 1866.—To Perry Davis & Son."



BACK AGAIN TO FATHERLAND.



EMPEROR FREDERICK II. AND HIS COURT AT PALERMO.

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.

MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [445

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

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TOURISTS' TICKETS,

Available for a month, renewable on payment of a small percentage,

Are issued to all the principal towns and places of interest in the West of England, including

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DAWLISH
TEIGNMOUTH
TORQUAY
DARTMOUTH
PLYMOUTH
TRURO
FALMOUTH
PENRYN, and
PENZANCE

These tickets are available by all trains, express and ordinary, except the limited mail.

Passengers may break their journey at certain specified places, and every arrangement is made to conduce to their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Carriages run through from Paddington to Penzance by certain trains, and places may be secured therein by giving a few hours' previous notice to the Superintendent at Paddington or the undersigned.

Holders of Tourists' Tickets may travel by the 11.45 a.m. Express Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in *four hours and a quarter*, and Plymouth in *six hours and a quarter*, without change of carriage.

Passengers for places beyond Plymouth by the 9.15 a.m. train have time allowed for dinner at Plymouth.

Time books, giving the times of the trains, the fares, and all necessary information, and Tourist programmes, may be obtained on application, free of charge.

Excursion Trains, at low fares, are run at frequent intervals.

J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [449

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, a Cheap Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 3.35 and Reading 4.45 p.m. for Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning the following Tuesday.

On SUNDAY, AUGUST 27th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8.15 and Reading 9.20 a.m. for Wantage Road, Farringdon, Shrivenham, Swindon, Cirencester, Stonehouse, Stroud, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, returning the same day.

For Fares and full particulars, see Hand-bills, which can be obtained at the Company's Offices or Stations, and at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.
MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

MOUNT'S BAY, PENZANCE.

The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea is the QUEEN'S.
Table d'Hôte Daily at Seven.
H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

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LONDON, E.C. [435

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TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

BAKER AND CRISP'S CHEAP SILKS.
FANCY DRESSES.
MUSLINS, PIQUES.
PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
COSTUMES, JACKETS.
Patterns Free.
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THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP

CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.

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Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.

Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

NOTICE.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

TWO FULL-PAGE VIEWS IN CORNWALL
Will appear in our next.

These will be succeeded by others of special interest, including a Full-Page View of

DAWLISH,

Of which popular watering-place there is no successful view extant.

BLANCHARD JERROLD'S NEW STORY.

The whole of the Back Numbers containing "BY RAIL TO THE WILLOWS" are in stock, and can be had on application to the Publisher.

MISS BRADDON'S STORY,
ENTITLED
"HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER."
(Illustrated by the late Mr. PITT.)

Back Numbers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER containing this popular story can be had on application to the Publisher.

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, AUGUST 26, 1871.

THE session is at an end. The story both of legislation and administration is very meagre and unsatisfactory. The QUEEN speaks of her friendly relations with foreign Powers, and when we think that we cannot manœuvre 30,000 soldiers on land, nor send ships to sea that will float, we confess we heartily join Her Majesty in her thankfulness for peace. The Washington Treaty is a matter for congratulation no doubt, though the paragraph alluding to the Canadians is not likely to make the Treaty any more satisfactory to the Dominion:—

> I shall apprise the Parliament of Canada that the provisions which require its consent are, in my view, highly conducive to the interests of the Dominion. On these provisions, however, that Parliament will pass an independent and final judgment.

Seeing that the Dominion considers that it has been sacrificed to America in this business, there is a peremptory tone in Her Majesty's Speech which we may be sure will only serve to hasten the day when Canada will declare her independence. This, we presume, is what our Colonial Administration desires. The evident end and aim of our colonial policy is to drive the colonies away from that association with the mother country which adds to the nation's pride and glory, and gives her strength and importance in the eyes of foreign countries. The Queen's Speech enumerates the legislative triumphs of the Session. They consist of the Army Regulation Bill, the University Tests Bill, the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, the Trades Unions Bill, and the measures relating to the Judicial Committee. When we think of the time and labour, the talk, the wrangling, the personal affronts, the personal explanations, and the enormous amount of discussion which have been expended on this small amount of legislation, we cannot but feel that the Session has been a failure.

THE legislative shortcomings of the Session have not, unfortunately, been made up by the administration of business in the Departments. The Admiralty has done nothing but blunder. Together with the Horse Guards, it has elicited a damaging cartoon in *Punch*. The Home Office has done little or nothing more than threaten the licensed victuallers. The Board of Trade and the Poor Law Board have not even gone so far as to threaten to do anything. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has only added point to the comic songs of the period. What is the cause of all this failure? The question is one which we shall not attempt to answer. We leave it in the hands of the political writer and the historian.

BY the light of the shooting reports and accounts of bags in 1871, it is curious to read the famous Colonel HAWKER'S "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," published in 1838. The largest number of partridges he had seen bagged in a day by one person in a country not strictly preserved were twenty-three brace. In 1827, however, a friend of his shot, with one dog, in eight hours fifty-one brace of partridges. The Colonel did not believe in early-morning shooting. Some people had told him of ten brace being killed before breakfast; but he never had the good fortune to see such work. For shooting pheasants the Colonel points out that it often becomes necessary to start very early in the morning, as the birds are apt to lie during the day in high covert, where it is almost impossible to shoot them till the leaf has fallen from the trees. Then there are all kinds of instructions for getting between the birds and their places of security, and other hints in regard to hunting the game, as well as shooting it, which read like passages from some work of foreign sport. Among the many arguments used against battue-shooting, we do not notice that the *gourmand's* view of the present system of preserving pheasants has been taken into consideration. The flesh of the wild turkey is far finer in flavour than that which is reared in Europe. BRILLAT-SAVARIN speaks rapturously of some wild turkeys which his friend M. BOSC shot in Carolina. Moreover, he strongly advises rearers of turkeys to let the birds have as much liberty as possible; it will heighten their flavour, and bring them nearer the primitive species. Now, the modern pheasant is a far different bird to the pheasant which was hunted and shot five-and-twenty years ago. Treating it in a similar fashion to the barn-door fowl has levelled the flavour of it down to that of common poultry. It is only by keeping it until it is decomposed that anything approaching the "gamey" aroma so delightful to the *gastronome* is developed; but even then the bird lacks the delicate, savoury, and transcendent flavour which belongs to a genuine wild pheasant.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BOY ENGINEER—JAMES WATT.

MANY anecdotes are told of the early life of James Watt, in connection with the "Giant Steam" and the steam engine—from the boy's noticing the kettle-lid moving up and down and his reflecting upon the why and the wherefore of the smoke or steam coming puffing out. Long and earnestly did the simple-minded Scotch boy reflect upon the mechanical arts of the past ages of antiquity, and in a world of his own creation would he be found often by his father's visitors intently working out with chalk upon the floor the problems he had been studying, and which in after years, by his profound science and original genius, he exhibited in his own inventions, the practical utility of knowledge; while he increased the power of man over the material world, and extended the comforts and enjoyments of life. Those who understood not the boy considered him lazy while lying full length on the floor (as shown in our illustration); the boy foreshadowing the man, that man who brought the steam engine to that wonderful degree of perfection in which it now exists. In 1769 Watt took out a patent for improvements in fire engines, completely distancing all former inventors. His first grand improvement was in making the steam pass through a tube from the cylinder into a separate vessel, where it was condensed, without cooling the cylinder, a process which increased the power of the engine to an enormous extent. His second improvement was the employment of steam instead of the pressure of the atmosphere to act upon the top of the piston, after the vacuum was formed in the cylinder. Watt's third improvement was the conversion of the vibrating motion into rotative by the application of crank and wheel. His fourth and greatest improvement was the alternative application of the force of steam, and the creation of a vacuum by its condensation above and below the piston. Many others succeeded, but our space will not allow us to do more than to call attention to the boy. To quote Macintosh, "in less than half a century, from the Mississippi to the Ganges, the name of Watt has been pronounced, and the benefit of his inventions have been proved."

NATIVES OF THE AMAZON DISTRICT.

The Amazon District—that very Eden of Brazil—has been thoroughly explored, and travellers give glowing descriptions of it. The busiest part of Brazil is thinly populated, but the part from which our sketch is taken has scarcely a population at all. This beautiful land is monopolised by a few inhabitants of the type represented in our picture.

BACK AGAIN TO FATHERLAND.

It was a sad day when Heinrich went away to the war, and his wife had many bitter weeks of hope and fear, but Heinrich is back again now, eating the most delicious meal of his lifetime, and "smiling lively gratitude." He has beside him the ferocious-looking accoutrements of war; but his wife does not fear them; they are no longer emblems of a strife to come, but of a battle that has been fought. The leg of mutton and the hare make good pictures on the wall. They are more truthful than artist's work, and more desirable, under the circumstances. We would rather see them in this instance than landscapes, for they may be cooked and eaten, and such articles are useful in a poor man's house. The picture is original in treatment, and is characteristic of German life and manners.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The portion of the Exhibition we illustrate is a division for Fine Arts of all nations, and here we find not only sculpture and pictures from all lands, but visitors from all countries inspecting and admiring. The Exhibition has now been open nearly four months, and during the whole of the time South Kensington has been inundated with strangers. The railway companies have brought visitors from all parts of the island for a few shillings. We take it for granted that the reader has been to the Exhibition, and, this being so, our picture will be readily interpreted.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF TROOPS INTO BERLIN.

This picture completes our sketches of the triumphal entry of troops into Berlin. The procession is passing, and our engraving represents the populace hailing the Sutler. We have already given long descriptions of the Peace Celebrations in previous numbers.

ELECTION DAY AT PARIS.

Our picture is a scene in the streets of Paris, on the 2nd July, under the secret voting system. One of the features of secret voting is that it utterly lacks the noise, turmoil, and horseplay which make the nomination and polling a little paradise for all the roughs who congregate in the vicinity of the hustings. It is not unnatural that it should be so; for the spectacle of a citoyen entering a frowsy apartment, in which three seedy-looking persons are seated at a table, and putting a bit of paper through a slit in a box, very like the letter-box supplied by the Post Office to steam packets plying across the Channel, is equally unimpressive and uninteresting. A few people generally hang about the place, but simply for the purpose of handing lists to every person that passes, just as with us they would hand to a passer-by a circular from the great firm of Messrs. Treacle, Dustbin, and Co., "begging very respectfully to direct your attention to our superior congou at one and sixpence a pound." They look as dreadfully bored as the three individuals presiding over the electoral urn, and cast longing glances in the direction of the neighbouring wine-shop. Voting places were numerous, but our illustration will show that this did not prevent crowding. The machinery for counting the votes is so singularly imperfect that, if we are to believe one of the favourite papers, the *Gaulois* or the *Figaro*, all the votes recorded at the last election on the 8th of February were not counted up to July.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND HIS COURT AT PALERMO.

Our picture portrays Frederick II. and his Court at Palermo. The Emperor is represented at the head of grandeur and luxury, surrounded by wit and wisdom, music and beautiful Sicilian scenery. The artist has thrown all his power into the work, and every character is a study and carefully finished. The musical party at the table to the right are excellently grouped, and make a fine picture by themselves. The same may be said of the four pages behind. The picture is made up of several pictures, making altogether a work of great power. The artist is Professor Heinrich Rustige, a name that in Germany is coupled with high reputation. The history of Palermo is full of historical interest. The ancient town was captured by Hamilcar and his Carthaginian troops, B.C. 480; and by Pyrrhus, 276; taken and retaken during the first Punic War, 254; taken by the Saracens, A.D. 855. The cathedral was erected in 1180 and the palace in 1129. In 1394 the university was founded. It was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in August 21, 1726. Revolution began July 15, 1820, and Prince Catolica and the nobles were massacred by the revolutionists the next day. General Pepe suppressed the revolution, and the city capitulated, Oct. 5. There was a revolt Jan. 12, 1848, and the city was bombarded by the royal fleet on the 16th. A constitution was given to Palermo, Jan. 28; an amnesty granted to political offenders, Feb. 1; Parliament declared for a constitutional monarchy, July 11; insurrection against Ferdinand II. and a provisional government proclaimed, Dec. 12-16; a new constitution, Feb. 28, 1849; insurrection renewed in March; the town surrendered, April 22; taken by Garibaldi, May 27, 1860; annexed to Sardinia, Nov. 3; and insurrection again in September, 1866.

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

Our picture gives a bird's-eye view of the old Egyptian city, showing the most important buildings, and the crumbling piles and monuments of ancient days. There is great excitement in Cairo just now through a horrible occurrence which took place last week. The *Egyptian Messenger* tells the story as follows:—"The wife of a certain Marcelli, an Italian, having lost her sight after a long and painful ophthalmia, in which the assiduous care of Dr. Altieri Marrullier was of no avail, the husband conceived the abominable idea of depriving the unsuccessful physician of his sight. He accordingly procured a bottle of sulphuric acid, and, having waylaid the doctor, threw its contents in his face, and in that of his secretary, Mr. Griffith, who accompanied him. Both victims are in great danger of losing the use of their eyes."

KARL MARX INTERVIEWED.

THE *New York Herald*, famous for "interviewing" celebrities, publishes a long account of an interview between one of its reporters and Dr. Karl Marx, the leader, and, as some say, the founder, of the International. The interview naturally took place in London, and Marx, according to this account, was very ready to talk about his institution and its agents. It was a mistake, he declared, to attribute the outbreak of the Commune to the International, as the Central London Office of the latter knew nothing about the 18th of March until Paris was in possession of the National Guard. The Commune and the International worked together for a time because both were fighting the same enemy. Marx said he had counselled the Commune to march promptly on Versailles after the first outbreak, and to take advantage of the first alarm. He mentioned several military blunders which, he held, they had committed, and criticised their leaders with some severity. Flourens, though a great scholar and philanthropist, was no general. Bergeret was "utterly incapable." Félix Pyat, "a great blower, and still greater coward," and La Cecilia, "not only an ass, but a traitor." Assi was only elected to a prominent place because his name came first on the alphabetical list of Paris clubs. He is "an idiot" of doubtful honesty. Cluseret was never a member of the International. The society, according to Dr. Marx, reckons about two millions all over the world, though it has little money in hand. When subscriptions are wanted they come in, but the association discourages strikes. Each member of the society pays one penny annually. For the satisfaction of Englishmen, Dr. Marx states that he does not contemplate a civil war in that country, but hopes to gain the rights of the International by Act of Parliament. They expect, however, to succeed sooner in England than in any other country; and the first step is to set aside the Queen and the House of Lords, and declare the Republic. Perhaps enthusiastic orators in Trafalgar-square are not quite prepared for what is to follow. All properties, not only in land, but in manufactories and similar undertakings, are to be transferred to the State, which will work them for the benefit of all producers. Drones, or those who would not work, should have nothing.

LITERATURE.

"THE Best of all Good Company: A Centenary Day with Sir Walter Scott." The second part of this serial work, edited by Blanchard Jerrold, has appeared, and fulfils the promise of the first number. The original remarks are few, but to the point, and the compiled matter is carefully and judiciously selected. In his introductory observations, the editor complains that Scott has not so many readers in the present day as he should have, and thinks the rising generation know little and care less of the Waverley Novels, but hopes this "'Day' may lead young readers by the thousand to the great Magician of the North, and lure back others who in the excitement and overwork of our latter days have been truants from his page." Many interesting and amusing anecdotes are given of the great novelist. There is an important quotation from Mr. Guthrie Wright, who gives the following details touching the construction of "Marmion:"—

> "In the summer of 1807," he says, "I had the pleasure of making a trip with Sir Walter to Dumfries, for the purpose of meeting Lord Abercorn on his way to Ireland. His lordship did not arrive for two or three days, and we employed the interval in visiting Sweetheart Abbey, Caerlaverock Castle, and some other ancient buildings in the neighbourhood. He recited poetry and old legends from morn till night; and it is impossible that anything could be more delightful than his society; but what I particularly allude to is the circumstance, that at that time he was writing 'Marmion,' the three or four first cantos of which he had with him, and which he was so good as to read to me. It is unnecessary to saw how much I was enchanted with them; but, as he good-naturedly asked me to state any observations that occurred to me, I said in joke that it appeared to me he brought his hero by a very strange route into Scotland. 'Why, says I, 'did ever mortal, coming from England to Edinburgh, go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous *détour*, but there never was a road that way since the world was created!' 'That is a most irrelevant objection,' said Sir Walter; 'it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned and the view from Blackford Hill—it was his business to find his road and pick his steps the best way he could. But, pray, how would you have me bring him? Not by that post-road surely, as if he had been travelling in a mail coach?' 'No,' I replied; 'there were neither post-roads nor mail-coaches in those days; but I think you might have brought him with less chance of getting into a swamp, by allowing him to travel the natural route by Dunbar and the sea coast; and then he might have tarried for a space with the famous Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat, at his favourite residence of Tantallon Castle, by which means you would have had not only that fortress, with all his feudal followers, the Castle of Dunbar, the Bass, and all the beautiful scenery of the Forth to describe.' This observation seemed to strike him much, and after a pause he exclaimed—'By Jove, you are right! I ought to have brought him that way;' and he added, 'but, before he and I part, depend upon it he shall visit Tantallon.' He then asked if I had ever been there, and upon saying I had frequently, he desired me to describe it, which I did; and I verily believe it is from what I then said that the accurate description contained in the fifth canto was given—at least I never heard him say he had afterwards gone to visit the castle; and when the poem was published, I remember he laughed, and asked me how I liked Tantallon."

Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, tells us Scott often alluded to the injurious effects to literature and genius resulting from the excitement of ambition for the ephemeral *reputation de salon*. "It may be a plesant gale to sail with," he said, "but it never yet led to a port that I should like to anchor in." Nor did he willingly endure, either in London or in Edinburgh, the little exclusive circles of literary society, much less their occasional fastidiousness and petty partialities.

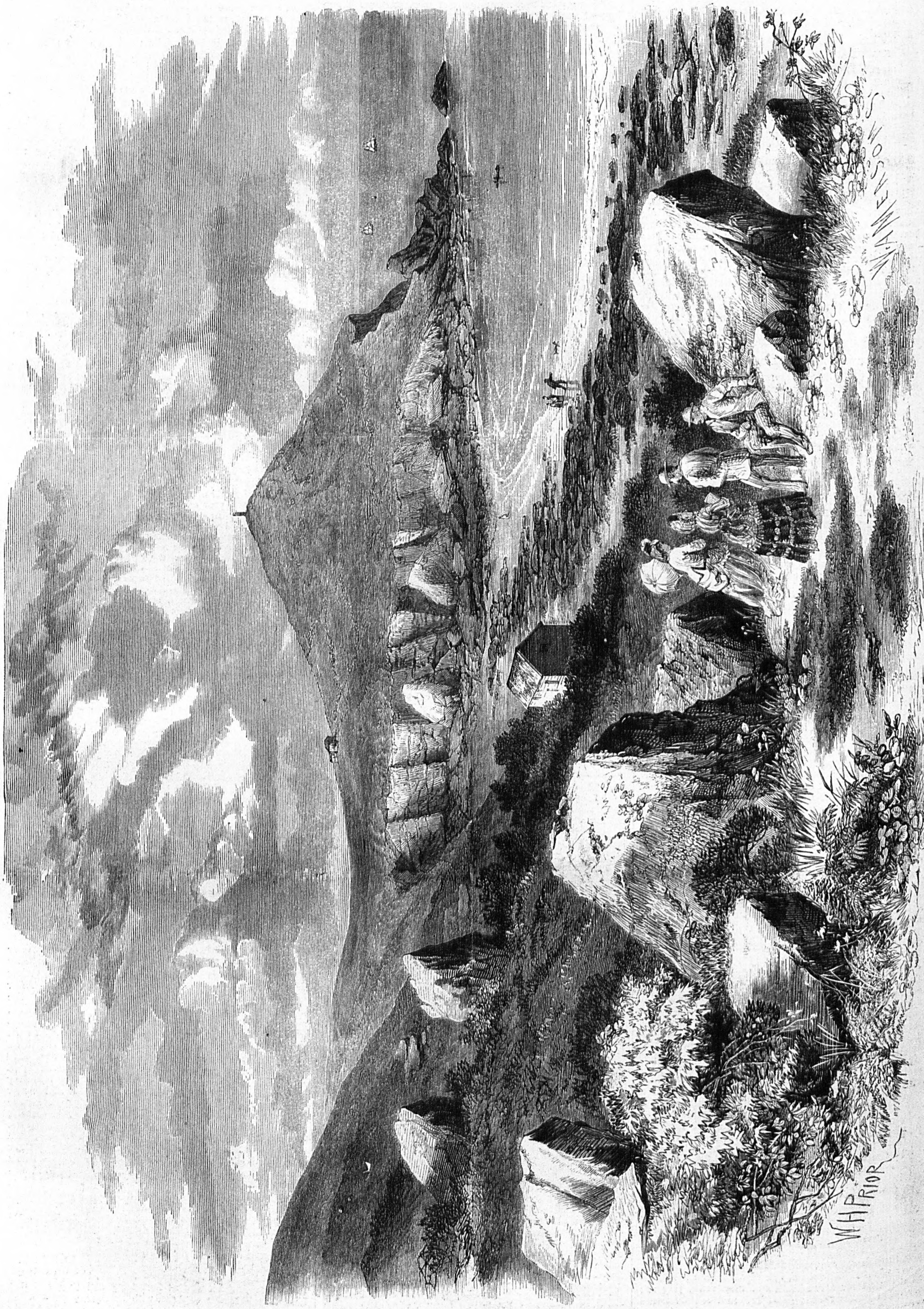
> One story which I heard of him from Dr. Howley, now Archbishop of Canterbury (for I was not present), was very characteristic. The Doctor was one of a grand congregation of lions, when Scott and Coleridge, *cum multis aliis*, attended at Sotheby's. Poets and poetry were the topics of the table, and there was plentiful recitation of effusions as yet unpublished, which, of course, obtained abundant applause. Coleridge repeated more than one, which, as Dr. H. thought, were eulogised by some of the company with something like affectation, and a desire to humble Scott by raising a poet of inferior reputation on his shoulders. Scott, however, joined in the compliments as cordially as anybody, until, in his turn, he was invited to display some of his occasional poetry.
>
> Scott said he had nothing of his own worth their hearing, but he would repeat a little copy of verses which he had shortly before seen in a provincial newspaper, and which seemed to him as good as anything they had been listening to. He repeated "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter." The applauses that ensued were faint—then came slight criticisms, from which Scott defended the unknown author. At last a more bitter antagonist opened, and, fastening upon one line, cried, "This at least is absolute nonsense." Scott denied the charge—the Zoilus persisted, until Coleridge, out of all patience, exclaimed, "For God's sake let Mr. Scott alone—I wrote the poem!"

In 1812 Scott wrote to Byron—who was then the idol of the fashionable world of London to the prejudice of Scott, and who, as everybody knows, had attacked him most mercilessly in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—a letter displaying the most generous and conciliatory spirit. In reply Lord Byron wrote:—

> I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the evil works of my nonage, as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball, and after some sayings, peculiarly pleasing from Royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the "Lay." He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*.

"Landlordism."—This is a valuable and important *brochure* by David Syme on the moral, social, and economic relations of landlordism. It is reprinted from the *Westminster Review*, and will be found well worth a careful perusal.

THE *Swiss Times*, under the heading of Soleure, says:—"The captain of a sea-going vessel, whose voyages were usually of considerable length, during an interval on shore, some ten years ago, determined to take upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony, and, accordingly, led to the altar of a church in the canton of Soleure a lady of considerable beauty, whom he had met whilst on a visit to a friend in that canton; but happiness is unenduring, and the honeymoon was scarcely over when the sailor received orders to start on a distant voyage. Duty must be performed, and with a lingering farewell the newly-married couple were parted. After the lapse of a few weeks, news arrived that the ship had been wrecked on the coast of Africa, and that all on board had perished. Six dreary years passed over the widow's head without having brought any contradiction to the sad tale of shipwreck, when the lady, accompanied by her uncle, went on a visit to Paris, and, in that capital, was wooed and won by a second claimant for her hand. The ceremony was duly performed, and in the pleasures and duties of her new home, and the care of three children which were the fruit of this second marriage, she forgot her sailor husband. A few days ago, however, a gentleman whose features were bronzed by an African sun, and who bore on his breast the evidences of many a gallant deed of daring, in the shape of several crosses and decorations, entered a *café* on the Boulevard Montmartre and called for refreshment. Happening to cast his eyes to the further end of the room, he observed a lady seated behind a desk, engaged in writing. Jumping up from his seat in a state of great agitation, he approached her, and after a short whispered conversation discovered in the lady—his wife, whom he had vainly tried to find at the village where they were married. The distress of the unfortunate woman may be easily imagined. With a loud scream, she fell fainting to the floor, and it was at first supposed that she had been struck by the captain, who had some difficulty in showing the occupants of the room the true state of the case. There appears to be little doubt that the affair will come before the courts, and that the whole of the facts which have led to such an extraordinary result will be made public."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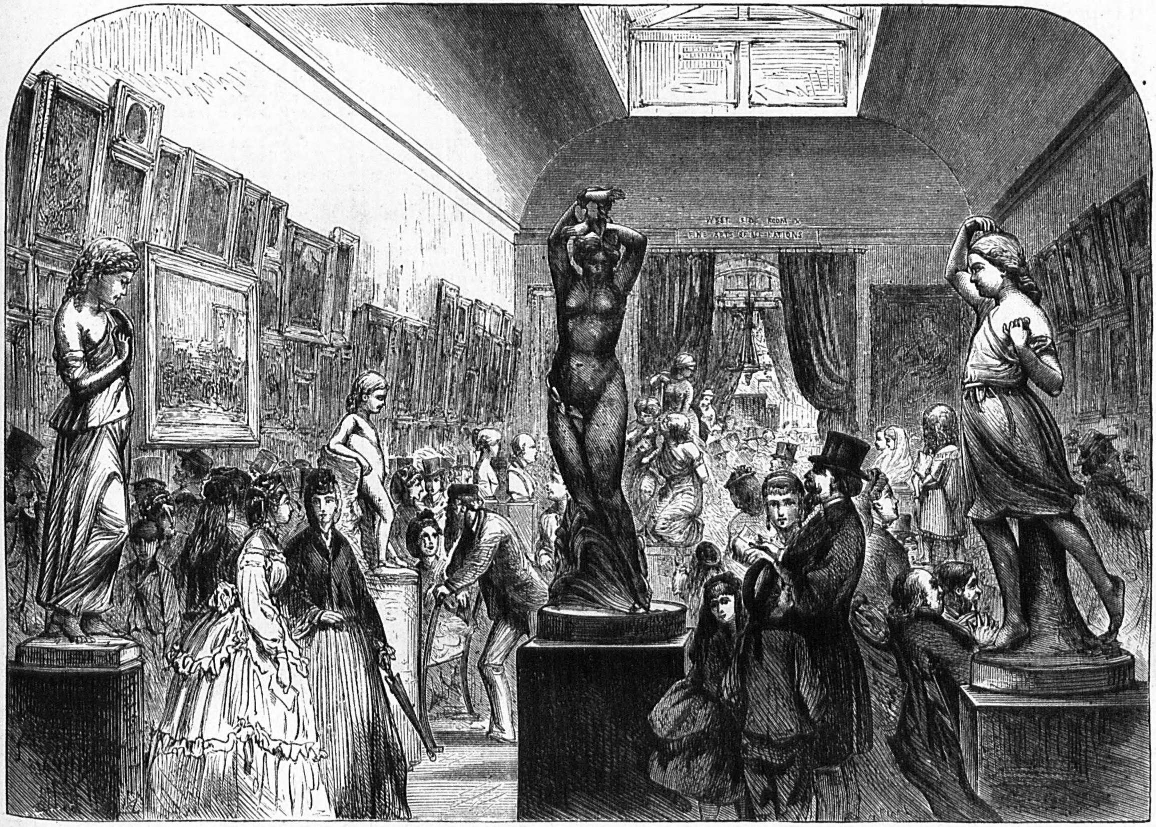
PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: V.—CAPE CORNWALL, NEAR LAND'S END.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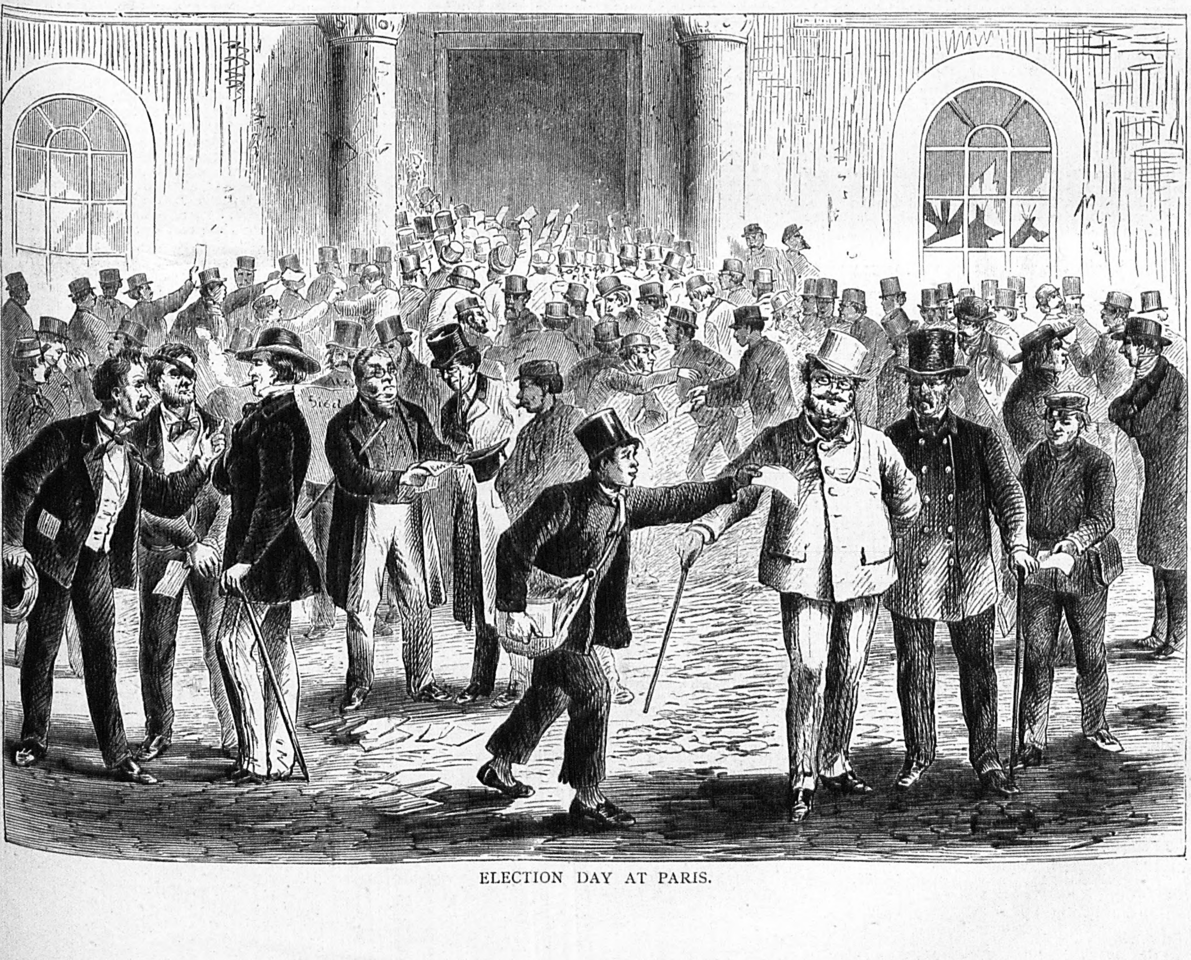


ELECTION DAY AT PARIS.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the Bats were Flying.

On the morrow, by the mill wheel (by that mill wheel which was the abhorrence of her father), when the bats were flying, Silvia met Benedict.

How wrong, and yet how common! Indeed, our story, in all its incidents, is as common in our modern mixture of the old with the new—of the lover of the coach with the proud careerer on wings of steam—as the house-fly.

Mr. Hornibrook and Mr. Carnegie are holding wise discourse, day after day, on the vulgarity of the new and the great qualities of the old generation; the young nestlings of the neighbourhood are preparing to mate. It must be ever thus, happily. In the sweetness of youth, the bitterness of old race and class animosities is lost and drowned. Romeo and Juliet are not dead.

Emily sat at her window mournfully that night—fear in her true heart, for her sister; and for the storm that loomed over The Willows.

Mr. Hornibrook was with Mr. Carnegie, playing chess. The Smithett family were dozing as usual, waiting supper time after the return of the head of the family from the City. Towse was oracular at the Flower Pot. In a few words, the coast was clear about the trysting-place. But what was looming just ahead? While a calm and loving and confident father was saying "Check" to his reverend opponent, and was sipping his tea waiting to combat another move, the lightning was gathering in the clouds to hurl the thunderbolt.

"I have had a long walk with young Smithett to-day," said Mr. Carnegie.

"Ugh," growled Mr. Hornibrook.

"You will never be reasonable on that subject, Hornibrook."

"I expect not."

"I can only say I'm very sorry for it."

"More dead fish floating down the stream to-day."

Mr. Carnegie laughed, saying, "Tut! tut! it's a great pity, but young Smithett didn't kill them."

"But his father did."

"The advance of commerce, my dear Hornibrook."

"The advance of vulgarity, of coarseness, of—"

"Don't let us pursue the subject, Hornibrook. We shall never agree, although our sympathies are on the same side."

"I stood by the mill-wheel this morning; and, after watching the fish floating upon their backs in the eddies of the churned current, I lifted my eyes to that scarlet-fever in bricks and mortar where the Smithetts live—and—well, I'll be candid, Carnegie—I—"

"No: I will not hear *that*, Hornibrook. Take a cigar. It will calm you. Old Smithett, I tell you for the last time, is a rough, honest soul, whose hand is always open when I appeal to him. The lady and her daughter are a trifle vulgar."

"A trifle!"

"Well, more than a trifle—and, on all grounds, I am sorry, for the hundredth time, that the railway has brought them, and the like of them, to disturb our rusticity. But, I will insist, whenever you call up the subject, in maintaining that you have all along done young Smithett a great and grievous wrong."

"Perhaps you would like me to give him one of my girls."

"There are many of your young squires in this county less deserving of the honour of marrying a Hornibrook."

Mr. Hornibrook dashed a lighted spill into the grate.

"I would rather hear you read over them in the churchyard first."

"Well, well; there isn't the most distant prospect that the catastrophe will happen—so *parlons d'autre chose*."

At this moment Mr. Carnegie was summoned to his wife's bed-side. The gentle invalid was waning fast.

And still the bats were flying.

"Whenever will Sarah come?" moaned Emily, at her window. "It's very wrong: it's too bad. How wicked I feel. And poor dear papa—who's playing his dreary old game of chess—thinking both his girls are cosily at home, talking of nothing more mischievous than the pug's last trick—or what we shall give him for lunch to-morrow. Perhaps, too, at this very hour—this awful hour—Mrs. Carnegie is saying good-bye to her husband. Poor dear, how we shall miss her!

"I wish she would come. Another quarter just struck. I'm surprised *that* hasn't warned her. She knows papa's hour. How very dreadful. I feel—I know—it's a dreadful evening we shall all remember till our dying day. Was that the side gate? No. I hear no footstep!

"I've a great mind to throw myself upon papa's neck when he comes home and tell him all, for I feel very base and treacherous. Another ten minutes and papa will certainly be coming across the meadows. If he should meet Mr. Smithett going away—or Sarah! No, no; that would be too much. I don't hear her. Can they have—ah! no, no." Emily paced her room now in an agony of doubt and suspense, pausing at every turn to listen. No sound of the gate; no footfall!

Planting her elbows upon the window, and holding her white face between her tiny clenched fists, she gazed across the meadows. Presently she seized her throat, as she stared in horror. "Yes, it *is* papa—and striding fast. Oh, Sarah! Sarah! we are lost."

She fell upon the bed, and buried her face, and held her ears from hearing, striving to deaden all her senses. A moment afterwards a hand was laid nervously upon her shoulder, and she shrieked: "Papa, papa, what *must* you feel!"

"Hush!" Sarah hissed under her breath. "It is I."

"And papa!" cried the wild girl.

"He has not seen me."

"Thank God for his mercy to dear papa!" and Emily sobbed upon her sister's bosom.

When she became calmer, Emily looked into Sarah's face.

"What can it be? What has happened? What is going to happen, Sarah, darling? I should not have known you. Papa won't recognise you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

An Explanation.

"My Dear Father,—Have I ever given you many hours' pain in the course of my life? I only know that you have never for a moment ceased to heap kindnesses, and all the rich resources of paternal love, upon my head. My darling mother, too; but to *her*, I cannot write. Now listen to me with all your patience as well as with all your heart. If you have not, I think my mother has, I'm sure little sister has—seen an attachment growing up between me and Sarah Hornibrook. You will be astonished as to its culmination—wondering how we could meet, when the families remained wholly apart. It is not now necessary to tell you how, or where. We have met—daily. You know it is an old saying, that love will find the way. We both confess, and in the sincerest contrition, that it was wrong; and that we should have made open confession, and become betrothed in the light of day. That we did not—is the fault we confess; and for this fault I now write to offer an explanation, before you judge us.

"Mr. Hornibrook has ever been at the trouble of showing his dislike for us. We are vulgar mill owners; who have set up chimneys between the wind and his nobility. Whenever I have met him—at Mr. Carnegie's or elsewhere, he has ever been at some pains to mortify me. I have striven to win him over. I know that Mr. Carnegie has often spoken well of me and you, to him. But he would not listen to a word in our favour. Sarah, on the other hand, confessed to me, repeatedly, that her father had a strong aversion to us. She has lived in terror, poor girl, since she has given me her heart. She has implored me not to speak to her father. She vowed he would kill her; or carry her away and hide her.

"I cannot tell you the life we have passed, between fear of being separated and a sense of our duty to our parents. At last I could bear the position no longer. I insisted to Sarah I should speak to her father; and that if he replied, as she felt certain he would reply—she would at once seek my protection against his anger and menaces.

"I see, my dear father, your grieved face, hanging over these lines. Let me hasten to the end. Explanations must be left till we meet; which, I pray God, may be as soon as your anger has cooled towards your offending son.

"I saw Mr. Hornibrook. I will not describe the scene. He raised his arm to strike me. *You* know whether your son could receive a blow. I seized his arm and threw it aside. We parted; he hounding me from his house, and baying at me as I crossed the garden. But you will, I fear, have an example of his mad anger against the manufacturers. Put all the blame upon me, my dear father, for it belongs to my shoulders.

"And now, in as few words as possible, for the end of this—for its sting.

"When you receive this letter Sarah and I will be far away; and—you rely on my honour, I know, whatever your anger may be—we shall, with all possible speed, be man and wife. In my care, my beloved's fame is as safe as under her own father's roof.

"I can write no more. Kiss my beloved mother, and that little puss of a sister; and take not your blessing from your son's head.

"Your affectionate Son,
"Joe."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Willows "To Let."

Nothing stirs a country town like an elopement. The fall of the village steeple, a county election, the funeral of the most considerable of the inhabitants, the appearance of Reynard in the High-street, with the pack at his heels—not all of these incidents crowded into a single morning would move a provincial community to its centre so completely as the elopement of a gentlewoman of the neighbourhood with—well, her father's groom is perhaps best. But, failing a groom, the "gay Lothario" of the reporters must be somebody whom it is generally understood the lady's father would have summarily rejected as her suitor.

"This must be a proud time for you, Towse," said a friend of his, of the Flower Pot, who belonged to the Hornibrook party—the town being divided into a Smithett and a Hornibrook party, as sharply as into Conservative and Liberal in political matters.

Towse eyed his friend from cap to gaiter; and then inquired whether it would not be a happy idea if his interlocutor took to minding his own business just for a little, having devoted so much of it in the course of his life to other people's.

"You must have had an extra half pint to-day, Towse."

"Not at your expense," was the reply of Mr. Smithett's servant: a reply that passed current in the locality as sterling wit.

"Nor at Squire Hornibrook's neither?"

Towse was stung, and wrought to one of his highest flights.

"For the matter of that, I never heerd o' many of his admirers as got *very* drunk at his expense."

The two exchanged nods of defiance, and parted.

The Misses Kensit sat opposite each other at the tea-table, and asked "if they ever," and were mutually obliged with a responsive assurance that "no they never," for many evenings after the shell had fallen upon Barford.

Tapp, of the Dragon, was provided with a waggish greeting for his customers for a whole month.

"Any news of the 'appy couple?" "Precious sight worse than the railway clerk and Squire Dudwell's daughter. There young Dudwell *did* have the satisfaction of pulling the bridegoom's nose." And then a roar of laughter.

At the Flower Pot, Daffydown and the superb person who condescended to attend upon Carnegie, and whom the kind reader may be pleased to remember when we call him "Welwet Breeches," lorded it over poor Towse. Towse was "nowhere" the day the house-agent in the High-street was authorised to announce that The Willows was to let.

Tim, Richard Dudwell's drunken servant—*arcades ambo!*—was delighted to find "young Smithett"—as he described it—"kicked from one end of Barford to t' other."

So ran the laugh, the gossip, the commentary up and down the High-street, through the market—I fear, about the pews on Sundays. Stooks, the linendraper, being a church-going man, who would not for worlds have given short measure—on Sundays—was very severe. Blobb, the shoemaker, couldn't imagine how there was such depravity in the world—especially among his betters. Miss Crampton and Miss Staples were both ashamed that Miss Sarah Hornibrook was of their sex. Noel, in Mr. Smithett's kitchen, chuckled all day long, and told every tradesman who came to the house that she thought Mr. Joseph might have looked a little higher. Mr. Buss, Stooks's head man, would give no opinion whatever on the subject, meaning hereby to crush the scandal at once. Nathaniel Huggins, when he heard of it, laughed a laugh that made the rafters of the Dragon ring again.

In short, Sarah Hornibrook was not without fault (for she was a disobedient child), and, albeit there were very few in Barford who were, even including the Methodist preacher, a shower of stones followed her in her flight.

While the gossip was at its height, Mrs. Carnegie died; but her passing bell hardly hushed it for an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

The Business Train.

Six years have passed over the gossips of Barford. Many tongues have ceased for ever from wagging. What changes! Great fortunes have been made. He who then came to the business train on foot, now drives a pair of bays, and throws down the reins with the air of a man who had been used to them all his life, and was becoming a little tired of them. Here comes shambling and bloated Dick Dudwell the drunkard, in years thirty—in appearance five-and-forty. He is not going by the business train, but to the station, to carry on his flirtation with the gorgeous young lady at the refreshment counter. You know, Dyne is dead: bless you, died more than three years ago. Tapp, of the Dragon, went off in a few hours, after the last general election doings. "Welwet Breeches" has taken unto himself a public-house and a wife. The Kensits? Just as usual. They're vegetables. Nerves and feelings kill people; you understand. But how the station has broadened out, with sidings, and sheds, and engine-rooms, and long lines of shunted waggons and carriages. It is a junction now. You change at Barford for Comberton. You see those three tall chimneys, beyond Smithett's, those are the works of the great house of Glasshouse and Co. Bless me, how the men come pouring along the road, some of them with the last corner of breakfast-toast in their mouths, and all as fresh and severely washed and linen-adorned as children just turned out of hand in the nursery for a "tea and mitten" party. You can pick out the rich men—at least, I can. There is a native dignity about money, that compels the respect of junior clerks, local tradesmen, railway porters, guards, and newsboys. Now comes the richest man in Barford. Men adjust their cravats, and pull down their wristbands, and gaze proudly about, when he has condescended to know them. The man with whom he shakes hands as he alights is not of the order of beings that fills the second-class carriages. It is a wonderful sight. All Barford must be pouring itself into the station—that is, all the male population. All! By no means. Within the last six years the population has doubled—some say, trebled. And still they come: more feverishly as the moment for the departure of the train approaches.

"That carriage is engaged," the guard politely observes.

The station-master breathlessly passes up and down the platform, and asks once and twice——

"Not come yet?"

Who are these people for whom even a train waits? Two carriages drive at a rapid pace to the station-door. There is a bustle on the platform. The station-master waves his hand to the guard, who stands by the "engaged" compartment.

First appears a stately aged man, whose hair is white and whose face is deeply lined, leading what the ladies call a rosebud of a boy. Then follows a clergyman talking gravely to a grave young lady; and then a stout, ruddy old gentleman joking with a very lively young lady—and lastly comes a young man with a strap full of books in his hands.

The "engaged" carriage is filled by those of his party; and as he approaches the window he is playfully pushed from it, and told he must find another place.

"And who may this important party be?"

First Mr. Hornibrook and his grandson; then the Rev. Mr. Carnegie and young Mrs. Smithett; then Mr. Smithett, sen., and Mrs. Carnegie; and then, bringing up the rear—Mr. Joseph Smithett. Is my story—a simple one enough—told? Mr. Hornibrook has relented—saying team must give way to steam: The Willows are musical with baby voices in whom they are blended; and Mr. Carnegie has married laughing Emily.

The guard cries "All Right!" Will the reader be his echo?

The End.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

“No!” said Dr. Darling, slowly—“no! I can’t believe the evidence of my own senses!” And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D. who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and a huge auburn moustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

“She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose,” pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

“Yes; but I tell you, sir, I don’t want to propose,” said Harry, staring at the intertwined D.J.D.’s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

“You don’t want a pretty girl for a wife?”

“Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor.”

“Nor fifty thousand dollars?” added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

“I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—”

“I believe the boy is crazy!” ejaculated Dr. Darling. “Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, ‘a wilfu’ man maun hae his way,’ and I shall interfere no farther. By the way, Harry—”

“Yes, sir?”

“You are going to the city this afternoon?”

“That is my present intention, sir.”

“Stop at Depièrre’s, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling’s pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago; but a man can’t think of everything.”

“Certainly, doctor;” and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

“Rather a careless way to carry jewellery, young man!” said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

“Oh, I never lose anything!” asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling’s orphan niece, was busy “doing up” blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly behind her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving-kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in “Macbeth;” while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

“Ursula!”

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

“How you startled me, Harry!”

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove-heat.

“You are always at work, Ursula.”

“I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living,” Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows: “I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury.”

“Confound Miss Bradbury!” exclaimed our hero. “I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time.”

“She is a very sweet young lady, Harry,” said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

“I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula!”

“Forty quarts,” said Ursula demurely. “Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter.”

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

“Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula.”

“Very;” and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling caldron.

“Especially when you are doing them up,” added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

“Harry, *don’t!* The berries will burn.”

“Let ’em burn, then; who cares?”

“But what do you want?” she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

“To see your eyes, Ursula.”

“She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

“Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?” he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

“No.”

“I read *yes!*”

“Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury.”

“And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—”

“Harry, they *are* burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!’.

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

“It’s all your imagination, Ursula!”

“No, it’s not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling.”

“But, Ursula—”

The cracking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tête-à-tête*. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

“You’ll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?” he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

“Yes, yes, anything—everything; only go!”

And Harry went, beginning to realise that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

* * * * *

“Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it’s done by this time?” and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

“I—I’m very sorry,” began Harry; “but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—”

“Yes,” dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, “I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone, eh?”

“Yes, sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured,” Harry added, with a glance towards that lady, “that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity.”

“Oh, it is of no consequence at all!” said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly, It is of the very greatest consequence! “Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house.”

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one, and presented it to Mrs. Dr. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.

“But it’s so strange what can have become of the other!” said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.

“We’ll have a pound-cake and preserved blackberries,” said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

“And if Harry don’t come to terms now he never will,” added her husband, who didn’t.

“Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula,” said Mrs. Darling.

“And wear your pink French calico, child; it’s the most becoming dress you have,” said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth “society” manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

“Delicious preserves these!” said Miss Bradbury.

“They are of Ursula’s making,” said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

“I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it,” said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

“He’s swallowed the spoon!” cried Miss Bradbury.

“Oh, oh! he’s got the apoplexy!” screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

“Uncle! dearest uncle!” piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

“It isn’t the spoon, and I don’t come of an apoplectic family,” said he. “But, upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!” And he held out his wife’s pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

“My goodness gracious!” said Mrs. Darling; “how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don’t—see—”

“But I do!” said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. “Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn’t see before.”

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling’s delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury’s surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

“Doctor—” he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

“There’s no need of any explanation, my boy,” he said; “I know now why you didn’t want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don’t say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula’s blackberry jam!”

And Doctor Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

“Little Ursula! he added. “Who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have *my* blessing.”

The pearls were all discoloured, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the preserve-dish for a “boiled brooch!”

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

REGRETS.

If we had but known, if we had but known,
  Those Summer days together,
That one would stand next year alone,
  In the blazing August weather!
Why, we trifled away the golden hours
  With gladness, and beauty, and calm—
Watching the glory of blossoming flowers,
  Breathing the warm air’s balm!
Seeing the children like sunbeams play
  In the glades of the long, cool wood—
Hearing the wild bird’s carol gay,
  And the song of the murmuring flood—
Rich gems to Time’s pitiless river thrown—
If we had but known! if we had but known!

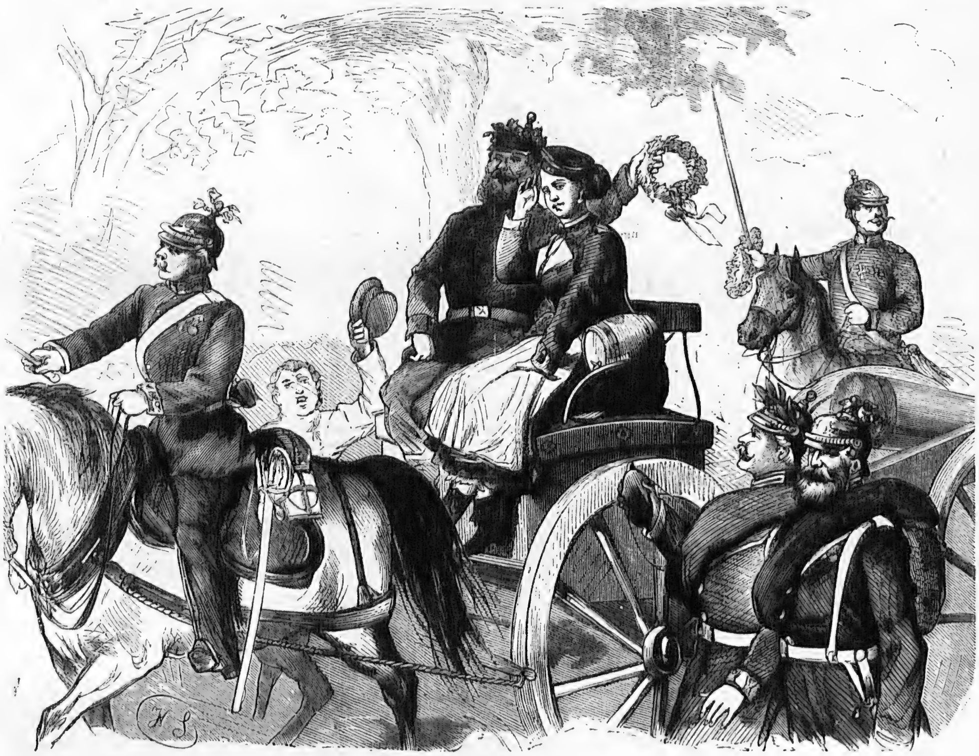
If we had but known, if we had but known,
  Those Winter nights together,
How one would sit by the hearth alone
  In the next December weather!
Why, we sped those last hours, each for each,
  With music, and games, and talk,
The careless, bright, delicious speech,
  With no doubt or fear to balk—
Touching on all things, grave and gay,
  With the freedom of two in one;
Yet leaving, as happy people may,
  So much unsaid, undone.
Ah! priceless hours, for ever flown,
If we had but known! if we had but known!

If we had but known! if we had but known,
  While yet we stood together,
How a thoughtless look, a slighting tone,
  Would sting and jar for ever!
Cold lies the turf for the burning kiss—
  The cross stands deaf to cries;
Dull as the wall of silence is,
  Are the grey, unanswering skies!
We can never unsay a thing we said,
  While the weary life drags past;
We can never stanch the wound that bled
  Where a chance stroke struck at last.
Oh, the patient love ’neath the heavy stone—
If we had but known! if we had but known!

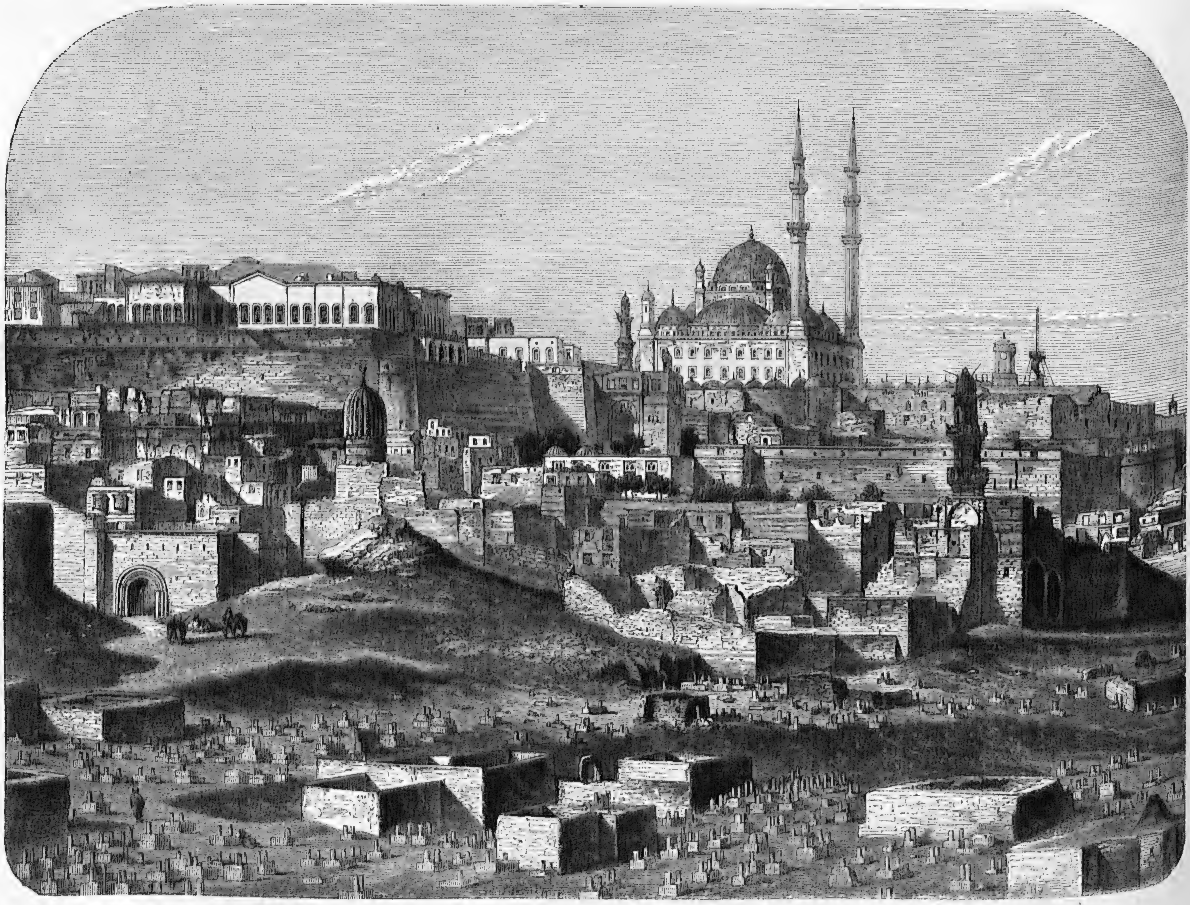
If we had but known! if we had but known!
  We had climbed the hill together;
The path before us seemed all our own,
  And the glorious Autumn weather;
We had sown—the harvest was there to reap,
  We had worked—lo, the wages ready!
Who was to guess that the last long sleep
  Was closing round one already!
With never a warning—sharp and strong
  Came the bitter wrench of doom!
And love, and sorrow, and yearning, long
  May wail by the lonely tomb.
Oh! keenest of pangs ’mid the mourner’s moan!—
If we had but known! if we had but known!

ANECDOTE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

After the battle of Kirkee, the province of Candeish fell into our hands, inhabited chiefly by the Bheels—a race that had never yet been successfully managed by Mussulman or Mahratta. Savages *pur sang*, black as negroes, and brutal as Malagashes, they possessed no religion to speak of, no law, no settled occupation except the chase and robbery, and were wont to sweep down periodically from the hills to ravage and plunder. Like the Gonds and Mahars, they represented the most ancient and aboriginal people of the Peninsula; utterly different from Aryan, Mussulman, Arab, or Hindoo peasant of the plain, they ate tiger’s flesh and drank strange intoxicating drinks—a set of hopeless wild men, in fact, who had been treated from time immemorial as wild beasts. Mogul, Peishwa, and Rajpoot had, in turn, hunted them down like wolves and panthers; and the British tried this recipe at first, but with little good result. Happily for them and for the country, Outram, then a young lieutenant of Native Infantry, volunteered to undertake the Bheel agency. He began with them in the only possible way; he let them break forth in one of their lawless midnight prowlings; then, not content with merely shooting and killing, he chased them back into their rugged hills—drove them to their very dens, as it were; and when they gathered, in astonishment and rage, to overwhelm him, his dispositions were so skilful that he met and scattered them like frightened beasts, capturing very many. Now the other side of his nature showed itself. Instead of going on with the harsh programme of force, after that demonstration he was kind and pitiful to his black prisoners; he treated them with good-tempered indulgence, filled them with good food, healed their wounded, and then sent them back to their haunts with a significant message. He bade them say that the British Government “meant to have quiet and law thereabouts, but would much rather give the Bheels honest work and wages than have to kill them off.” The black aboriginals had never known an act of kindness and interest before—it worked upon them like a spell! They came down in wondering clusters from the mountains, and made friends with the dreadful but generous “Sahib” Outram, who loved a victory of kindness better than any of sword or musket, learned their rude speech—listened to their legends—showed them how to shoot three or four tigers in a morning—gave them feasts when they were well, and doctored them when they were ill—made himself a sort of educated sympathetic Bheel, to get at their hearts. He touched those hearts, too, so thoroughly, that there were by and by scores of the naked hillmen who would have died with pleasure in chase or fight for the “Lieutenant.” At last he was venturous enough to organise a Bheel Corps, which did capital service as police, and in course of time he was able to report that during a whole twelvemonth there had not been a single case of robbery within a circuit of thirty miles. Officers were sent to teach the reclaimed wild men agriculture, to help them to obtain bullocks and implements, and to settle their disputes and difficulties. The region, which in 1800 had been a jungle of robbers, was turned into quiet colonies of husbandmen by 1830, and a better set of “salvages” cannot now be seen than Outram’s tamed Bheels.



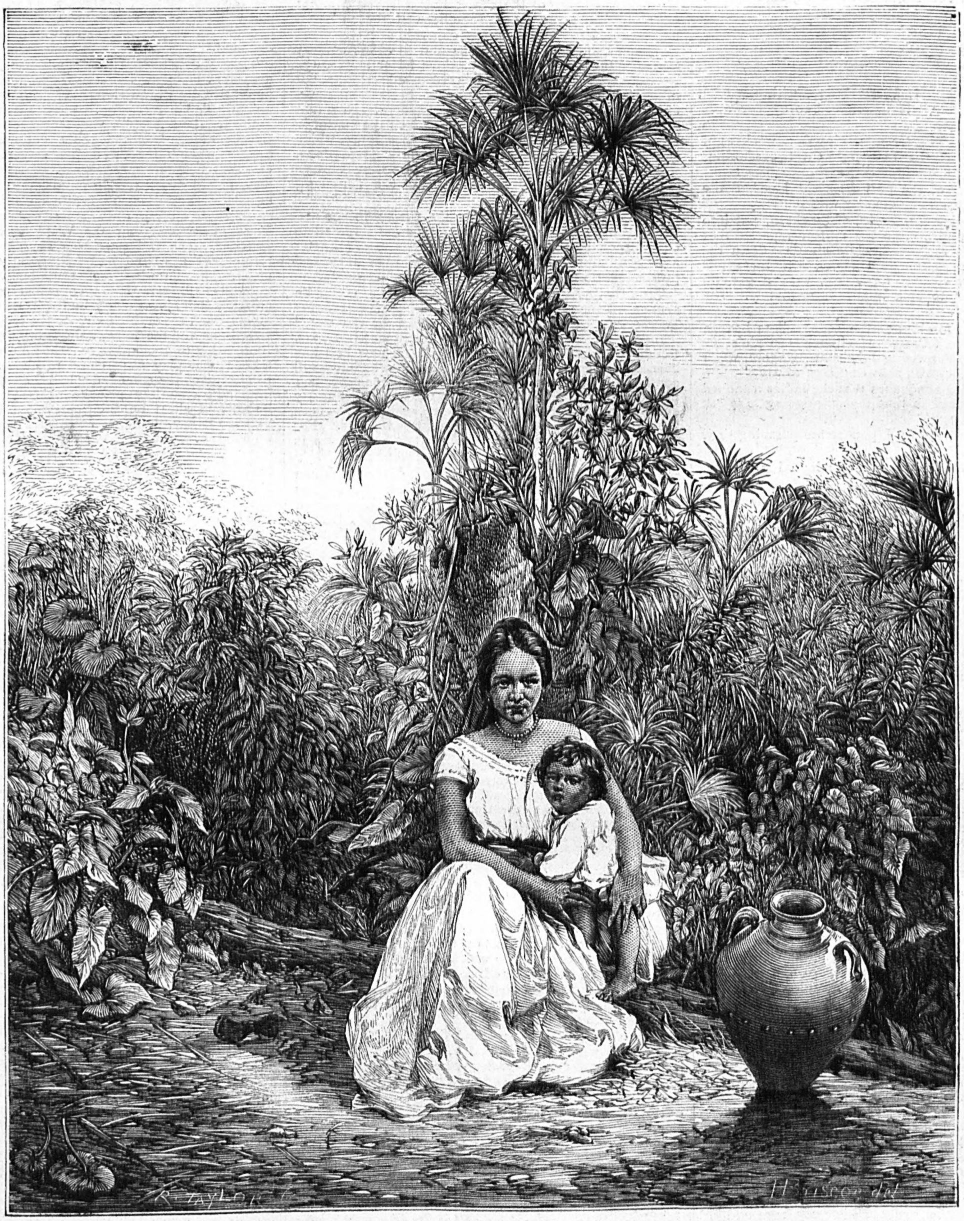
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF TROOPS INTO BERLIN: HAILING THE SUTLER.



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

RUSSIAN SOCIALISM.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent at St. Petersburg says, writing on the 1st inst. :—"The Netchayeff trial still absorbs public attention. Eleven of the principal conspirators have been sentenced to various degrees of punishment, and the evidence of the numerous witnesses has furnished very ample information as to all the details of the organisation and objects of the society. The most striking feature of the conspiracy, as revealed by this evidence, is the indolent and unpractical character of its leaders. Even Netchayeff himself, with all his energy and determination, though he was very popular with his fellow-conspirators, seems to have been too inexperienced and too unprincipled to inspire them with that personal *prestige* which is, above all, necessary to a revolutionary leader. His character was so despotic that he always selected as his associates enthusiastic youths ready to act as the blind instruments of his will rather than able men of independent character, who would have been far more efficient supporters of the revolutionary cause. It is now pretty certain that the real motive of the murder of the student Ivanhoff was, not that he was a traitor, but that he had refused to recognise Netchayeff's pretensions to absolute authority in the society. Next to Netchayeff, the principal of the conspirators was Uspiensky. He is very young, and long hesitated to join the society, as he considered that the regeneration of the Russian peasantry should be brought about, not by a socialist revolution, but by the spread of education. He was not convinced by Netchayeff's arguments, but the banishment of his two sisters and of a great number of his fellow-students so provoked him against the Government that he became a revolutionist out of sheer despair. After Netchayeff's departure to Switzerland he became the leader of the conspiracy. Another remarkable conspirator was Kuznietzoff, a young student who was much better provided with money than the others, and contributed largely to the funds of the society. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the claims of the poorer classes, and Netchayeff persuaded him to join the society by representing that his refusal would be regarded as an act of treason to the popular cause. His friend Pryzoff, writer of a history of Russia and several works for popular reading, also yielded to the influence of Netchayeff, who, he said, made a great impression upon him by his thorough knowledge of Kant's philosophy. He strongly protested, however, against the murder of Ivanhoff, and narrowly escaped a similar fate, Netchayeff having fired a pistol at him, which fortunately missed. The shock was so great Pryzoff became dangerously ill, and he was arrested shortly after by the police, and confined for six months in a fortress. It might surprise some people that men of such accomplishments and benevolent views should become members of a conspiracy, the admitted object of which was to exterminate the rich and divide their property among the poor. Kuznietzoff's advocate, M. Spassovitch, thus accounts for this apparent anomaly. 'Young Russians of the present day have a strong democratic leaning; they desire ardently to mix in the life and the feelings of the people. I myself have seen children of the aristocracy who have put on peasants' clothes and settled down to a peasant life. With many this feeling disappears as age comes on, with its material interests; many others, however, remain the same to the end of their lives. This undefined democratic feeling calls for some way of expressing itself, and it assumes a different phase according to nationality. Take, for instance, a young Russian and a young Pole. In the Pole the love of the people becomes patriotism; he loves his nation, which has a great past, and whose history still makes his heart beat. . . . It is otherwise with the Russian. His past is insignificant; the present (except to the Panslavist) is dry and poor. The Radicalism which is seen in most eminent Russians proceeds from the absence of a national history, of national culture: from there being no settled basis of political life. The young Russian thus begins by being a Radical; he traces politics, science, art, religion to their first principles, and everywhere meets with an insurmountable obstacle in the contrast between the labourer and the capitalist. He thus becomes necessarily a socialist.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



BRAZIL: NATIVES OF THE AMAZON DISTRICT.

THE CHOLERA IN MOSCOW.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Examiner*, writing from Moscow on the 12th inst., says:—This has been a black summer for Central Russia. The same warm dry weather which has ripened the corn has fostered the spread of the cholera, which has clung persistently to Moscow and its environs ever since the middle of March. Such a summer has not been known since 1866, when the fashionables of St. Petersburg fled *en masse* before the destroyer, and the hospital returns were like the lists of killed and wounded after a battle. The epidemic is now abating slightly in Moscow itself, but only to break out with fresh fury elsewhere. The district towns and villages of the Central Government are suffering grievously, and the evil is increased by the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry. So strong is their aversion to place themselves under medical treatment, or to be removed from their own houses to the hospital, that many cases have proved fatal from this reason alone. This prejudice springs from two causes:—1. The fatalist belief innate in the Russian, that he must die when his time comes, and not before. 2. The fact that the remedies which tell favourably when applied to the softer inhabitants of the towns, often produce a deleterious effect upon the rugged organisation of the *bona fide* "Mujik"—a phenomenon which, coupled with the fact that the majority of provincial doctors are foreigners, is, in the eyes of the ignorant peasant, a sufficient proof of poisoning. So strongly, indeed, has this absurd idea taken root, that, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, a number of German physicians in one of the Central Governments, who had excited the suspicions of the peasantry, were actually set upon and murdered to a man. At present, as I have already said, Moscow itself is beginning to recover, but the pestilence has left its mark. Since the 13th March, when the first serious development of the epidemic took place, no fewer than 1,738 deaths have been registered by the hospitals alone; and in several of the adjacent villages nearly a fourth of the entire population has been swept away.

HOME AND ABROAD.

Henry W. Hemans, whose death recently occurred at Para, where he was British consul, was the son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess.

The steamer *Arctic* has arrived at Dundee from the whale fishing with a cargo of thirty-seven whales, which are calculated to yield 260 tons of oil. This is said to be the largest cargo ever brought from the Arctic regions to Dundee. A month hence is considered an early arrival.

The claimant of the Tichborne estates is now on a visit to Leeds, where he expects to find a gentleman who formerly belonged to the Carabineers.

Twenty-eight bakers and sellers of bread were, on Saturday last, at the Solihull petty sessions, mulcted in fines varying from five shillings to twenty shillings for light weight.

The coining of eighteenpenny pieces is recommended by numerous correspondents, and also the retention of the half-crown, which Mr. Lowe threatens to discontinue.

A new volume by M. Victor Hugo, with the title of "L'Année Terrible," is announced to appear next month.

The Haymarket Theatre was closed a week ago, "in consequence of the extreme heat necessitating Mr. Sothern taking a brief rest."

The fine weather of the past fortnight has had the effect of crowding the Lake country with tourists.

The screw steamer *Eaglecliff*, of Stockton, put into Leith on Sunday night, when the master reported that early the same day his vessel, while steering down the Forth at full speed, came in collision with the screw steamer *Alpheus*, of and for Alloa, with a general cargo, causing her to sink almost immediately. The crew were all saved.

At Ann Arbor, Michigan, the soda sellers have a syrup labelled "Don't Care," which smells suspiciously like brandy. It is surprising how many visitors, when asked what they will have, answer "Don't Care."

A Chicago paper announces that the ladies attached to one of the churches in that town are going to "jerk the festive strawberry."

It is said that above fifty Japanese are pursuing their studies in London.

The postal card system has been adopted in France.

The Fête Napoleon was celebrated at Chiselhurst on the 15th inst., in a quiet but cordial manner. Some relatives of the Emperor, several friends, and some persons formerly attached to the Court, had arrived from France, to convey to the Sovereign who but a year ago still reigned the expression of their regrets, their homages, and their devotion. At eleven o'clock High Mass was celebrated in the church of Chiselhurst. It was a touching spectacle to see the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial making their way to the modest village church, followed by some courtiers of misfortune. At two o'clock a lunch after the English fashion was offered to all who had come to Camden House to offer their congratulations upon the fête day of Napoleon. The Emperor received from France upon this occasion a great number of letters and flowers. Two bouquets have profoundly affected him. The one, of gigantic dimensions, was the result of a subscription opened at Paris amongst merchants, traders, and workmen. It was accompanied by a magnificent album, which contained a very sympathetic address, with several hundred signatures. The other bouquet was offered by the officers of the Imperial Guard. The same evening most of the visitors took their departure, and Chiselhurst resumed its habitual repose.

The foot-and-mouth disease is rapidly spreading over all the townships in West Lancashire between Liverpool, Wigan, Southport, and Preston.

A mass meeting of engineers at Newcastle was held on Saturday, to protest against the steps being taken by the employers to bring over foreign workmen.

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Bright's health justifies the hope that he will be able to return to his Parliamentary duties next session, completely restored to mental and physical vigour.

The number of clergymen in the United States is placed at 91,000.

Padded bathing dresses is the latest "notion" in America.

A correspondent who visited a Russian prison saw there several murderers. One was a dwarfish, misshapen, gnome-like creature, with a huge shaggy head, and small yellow wolfish eyes, whose handcuffs showed that he was already condemned and awaiting his transmission to Siberia, his crime being the murder of his master (a wealthy Russian merchant) under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Another—a youth of nineteen—had murdered a whole family, and it is said that the complicated atrocity of his guilt invested him in the eyes of his fellow-prisoners with a kind of weird grandeur. For them he was simply a consummate master of the art which they had all practised—one of the aristocracy of crime, before whose evil pre-eminence all must bow down in adoration.

A French lad, seven years old, reported to have been stolen by a company of mountebanks, headed by a man with a wooden leg, recently made his escape. As a precaution against being pursued by his master, he carried with him his wooden prop.

Captain Moncrieff has received £15,000 for his invention, £500 for expenses, £1,000 a year for salary, £2,000 for back salary; and as yet, we believe, the War-office has not issued any of his gun carriages to the service. Although Captain Scott's carriage is in use on nearly every ship in the navy, he has not received a farthing, and has been asked to accept £2,000 for his invention. The representatives of Mr. Snider are to receive a further large payment. It is expected that nearly £30,000 will be paid in all for his invention.

The name of the yacht which foundered off Salcombe on Friday is the *Minnie;* the three young men on board were all drowned.

The accounts from Scotland regarding the harvest are favourable. The wheat crop is believed to be an average, and in good quality; barley more than average; oats on good lands an average; on inferior lands rather below it; beans good and a full average; potatoes good in some places, but variable; turnips excellent, and better than they have been known for years. All pastures in fine condition.

A sixpenny rate for telegrams would be a boon which many people would highly appreciate, and this boon, according to the *Civilian*, is likely to be conceded before long.

Monuments are to be erected to Count Moltke, at Parchim, his birthplace; to General Werder at Freiburg, the principal town of the Black Forest, saved from invasion by his bravery; and, together with these modern heroes, to Herrman, the great chieftain of 2,000 years ago, who overcame the Romans and freed his country from the then national enemy. The latter statue was begun some thirty years ago by private subscription, but in the former unsatisfactory state of Fatherland never excited sufficient sympathy to be completed. Now that unity is established, Parliament has taken the matter in hand and voted the necessary funds. The figure, which is to be in chased copper and of gigantic proportions, will be put up on the very battle-field where Varus's legions were destroyed, in the midst of the Teutoburg Forest, near Detmold.

Their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of the German Empire and suite returned to Osborne on Saturday morning, by railway, *viâ* Exeter and Southampton, from Plymouth, whither they had proceeded in the *Victoria and Albert* on Thursday.

The *Daily News* prints a letter from Bonn, giving an account of the preparations that have been made for the Beethoven Centenary Festival. "But for the war," it says, "the festival would have taken place last year, Beethoven having been born in 1770. A new hall has been built for the occasion, which it is calculated will contain 1,600 persons. The orchestra will consist of 111 performers, and the chorus of 373 voices. On Sunday evening the festival was to commence, and performances were to be given on the two following evenings. For Wednesday morning a supplementary performance was arranged, followed by an excursion on the Rhine."

The second mate, named Nicholson, of the American ship *Rochester*, which put into Queenstown leaky, has been arrested on a charge of wounding a sailor, named Trolt, with a revolver, when leaving the Canada Docks, Liverpool.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, the Prince de Joinville refused recently to become a candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic as a short cut to the throne. "But," said the Prince, "if I were King, I should know how to govern well. The means are very simple. I would have a Constitution of two Articles: the first Article should enact that every Frenchman should be a functionary; the second that every Frenchman on reaching the age of five should be decorated."

Small-pox has broken out at Stafford. In one family the father and mother have died. The disease has also appeared in another part of the town.

The *Official Gazette* of Italy promulgates a decree by which it appears that the contribution of that country of 45,000,000 of livres to the 85,000,000 of livres required to carry out the Convention between the Governments of Italy, Switzerland, and the North German Confederation, for the construction of the tunnel through the Alps at Mont St. Gothard, is to be provided by inscribing in the Grand Libro of the Kingdom of Italy Five per Cent. Stock for the required amount. This subsidy is to be paid in hard cash to the Swiss Government as the work proceeds; and as, in the same Italian papers, the Five per Cents. have lately been quoted at 62 to 63, the Italian Government will have to inscribe some 72 millions of livres in the Grand Libro to meet its engagements. While the total estimate for the work is only 85 millions, to which Germany contributes 10 millions and Switzerland 20 millions, Italy, in consequence of her unfortunate financial position, may be said to contribute within 13 millions of the total cost of the undertaking.

At the pits of the Newark and Vale of Belvoir Plaster Company's works, near Newark, on Saturday, part of the top of a tunnel, in which several men were at work, fell in. A man named Henry Thompson was killed and four others injured, one of them seriously.

The Dublin trades on strike have refused the additional threepence per day.

An odd notion has seized the English tourist this year—namely, to wear a costume made of Turkish towel stuff.

The French delegates have returned to Dublin.

An annual return shows that in the year ending 30th September, 1870, there were 32,623 licences paid for by common brewers, the total licence duty paid being £388,389. One licence was for brewing 550,000 to 600,000 barrels, one for 600,000 to 650,000, and one for 650,000 to 700,000 barrels; the duty paid in these three cases, with supplementary charge of deduction, being respectively £7,878, £7,582, and £9,155. There were in the United Kingdom in the year above mentioned 98,652 licensed victuallers, 44,488 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, and 3,080 licensed to sell beer not to be drunk on the premises, making a total of 146,220; the last two classes being in England and Wales, and the victuallers 69,903 in England and Wales, 12,644 in Scotland, 16,105 in Ireland. In the same year 536,946 barrels of beer, of the declared value of £1,930,083, were exported from the United Kingdom, 216,534 barrels to India, 95,398 to Australia, 27,088 to the British West Indies, 17,606 to the foreign West Indies, 24,300 to the United States, 14,074 to Brazil, 12,432 to China, 11,944 to Gibraltar, and 10,985 to South Africa.

Dr. Dollinger, the nineteenth century Luther, is well up in years. He is past seventy, but yet is not at all grey. He has led a most abstemious life. Though a German professor, he has always eschewed tobacco in every form, and he drinks neither wine nor beer. He rises at four a.m., and goes to bed at nine. His library contains 30,000 volumes, and occupies every room in the house. His study is a comparatively small room, with little furniture save books. Here he has laboured for thirty years.

A. H. Stephens having announced that he has gained nine pounds since he became editor of the *Atlanta Sun*, a rival editor of a Louisville journal fears that when he weighed himself last he "had one of his editorials in his pocket."

The heat of the present month, which reached 112 degrees F. in the sun, and 82 degrees in the shade, on the 7th instant, gradually increased to the 13th, when it reached 125 degrees in the sun, and 91 degrees in the shade, since which it has gradually declined.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise arrived at Glasgow on Saturday from Carlisle, and then proceeded by rail to Helensburgh, where they met with an enthusiastic reception. They afterwards embarked in the Duke of Argyll's yacht *Columbia* for Roseneath Castle, which was reached about nine o'clock. On Sunday they attended divine service at the parish church.

One of the most terrific storms ever remembered burst over North and East Yorkshire on Friday week. The storm came up from the west and traversed the Derwent Valley, then following the Wold escarpment to the Humber. The lightning was almost continuous, and torrents of rain and hail fell, greatly damaging the crops. The storm lasted about an hour. Just at darkening a second storm came on rather more to the north, crossing the Howardians by the Terrington Valley and across the Vale of Pickering to the moors. This lasted for an hour, and the thunder and lightning were unceasing. In addition to the ordinary forked lightning, there was a horizontal play from cloud to cloud, and a frequent discharge of the so-called "ball" lightning resembling inverted rockets. For an hour the sky was a continued blaze, and sheet lightning prevailed for some hours. Strange to say, there are no reports of any accidents of moment, except to crops and glass.

An opulent American, Mr. Harris Posler, is said to have just made M. Thiers an offer to rebuild the Tuileries at his own cost. The only conditions put forth by Mr. Posler in return for his royal generosity are these:—1st. One of the wings of the monument to be named after him. 2. Apartments looking over the gardens to be reserved to him for lifetime, and also a standing invitation to all ceremonies and fêtes that will be given by any Governments that may hold the place in succession. Mr. Posler is waiting for a favourable reply. His architect has also exhibited plans and estimates, amounting to about £41,000.

At Cadiz, last week, a fatal accident occurred to Signor Eurardo, who was well known in London and the provinces as the "Spiral Ascensionist." He had gone through the first part of his performance on the ball or barrel, when, in making the trapeze leap, which forms the second part, a rope broke, and he was thrown heavily to the ground. He was taken up insensible, and expired a few hours afterwards. He was buried in the English church the next day. Signor Eurardo, whose real name was Rowley, was a native of Sheffield, was twenty-six years of age, and leaves a young wife and child.

With regard to the transmission of dividend warrants by post, the Bank of England have given notice that any holder of stock, residing in the United Kingdom, may have his warrant sent by post, on filling up a form which may be obtained at the Bank or at any money-order office, and that applications for the transmission of warrants, payable in October, should be lodged on or before the 1st of September next.

The *Boston Folio* has a paragraph headed "Nilsson's Lover," which runs thus:—"Mr. A. Rouzand, a gentleman about thirty years of age, of medium size, chestnut hair, sandy whiskers worn in English style, and rather fine-looking, arrived in America recently from London. He is the accepted lover of Miss Nilsson, and they will probably be married in the autumn. It is well-known that Miss Nilsson has lately been operating very extensively in real estate in Boston, and it is not unlikely to suppose that the musical centre of America will be the future home of the songstress."

Amherst College is fifty years old. Three students graduated at its first commencement—sixty-five at the last. More than two thousand have received diplomas.

Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 356. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

Oakey's Wellington Knife Polish.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

Silver, Electro Plate, &c., to Clean and Preserve.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

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EDGBASTON,
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PUBLIC generally for
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Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge,
Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

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STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

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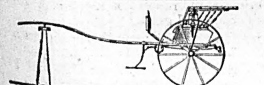

FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

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STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

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The School Boards:—Official Record of the London Board; Meetings of Boards in London and the Provinces.

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ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*

May, 1871. [370

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PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

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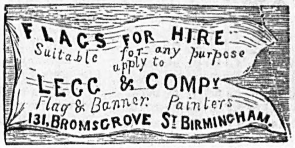
BIRMINGHAM [426



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FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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AUTUMN, 1871.

OVERSKIRTS.—The "ROYAL BATSWING," *Seamless* and *Moulded* to the shape; pure Australian wool, light and warm. Can be had plain, in shades of grey, or in three scarlet, violet, and claret, and in these colours *richly ornamented in Satin, Velvets,* and *Silk Reps,* in *new patterns* of *choice* and *tasteful designs.*

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CRINOLINES.—The new "DUPLEX" supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Small Jupon in one. The "SELF-SUPPORTING" and "ROYAL TRAIN" Crinolines are ingenious inventions, perfectly supporting the dress, for morning or evening wear, also the well-known "EMPRESS RESILIENT" and "PLASTIQUE" Crinolines always in Stock at first-class retailers.

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CORSETS.—The "GLOVE-FITTING." Ladies are strongly recommended to try, or at least to see and examine the "Glove-Fitting" principle before trying any other. Their shape and finish being perfected on steam models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved.

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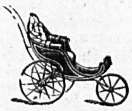

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Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

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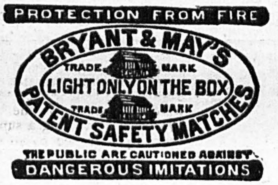

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER.—CONTENTS.

1. The Valley of Poppies. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton." Chapters XIV.—XVII.
2. To the Author of "Songs Before Sunrise." By Robert Steggall.
3. Drums and Trumpets: A Recollection of Lyons before the War. By Charles Kent.
4. By the Ring-Side. By Asteroid.
5. On the Comic Writers of England. By Charles Cowden Clarke. No. IV. Swift.
6. Reflections in a Stall. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
7. Come Down to My Mexican Seas. By Joaquin Miller.
8. Bygone Celebrities. By R. H. Horne. No. IV.
9. Among the Dogs at the Crystal Palace.
10. Sir Walter Scott as a Poet. By T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L. (Oxon.)
11. Up and Down the Road. By Alexander Andrews.
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OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

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BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [57 3

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Established 1836. Subscribed capital, £2,500,000, in 50,000 shares of £50 each. Paid-up Capital, £1,000,000; Reserve Fund, £500,000.

DIRECTORS.

Nathanl. Alexander, Esq.	Lord Alfred Hervey.
Thomas T. Bernard, Esq.	W. Champion Jones, Esq.
Philip Patton Blyth, Esq.	E. H. Lushington, Esq.
Thos. Stock Cowie, Esq.	James Morley, Esq.
Frederick Francis, Esq.	William Nicol, Esq.
Frederick Harrison, Esq.	Frederick Youle, Esq.

General Manager—William M'Kewan, Esq.
Chief Inspector—W. J. Norfolk, Esq.
Inspectors of Branches—H. J. Lemon, Esq., and C. Sherring, Esq.
Chief Acountant—James Gray, Esq.
Secretary—F. Clappison, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD STREET.

Manager—Whitbread Tomson, Esq.
Assistant Manager—William Howard, Esq.

At the Half-Yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors, held on Thursday, the 3rd August, 1871, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street Station, the following report for the half year ending June 30, 1871, was read by the secretary—

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq., in the chair.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the balance sheet of the Bank for the half year ending the 30th of June last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, allowing for rebate, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profits amount to £90,100 16s. 8d. This sum, added to £4,349 0s. 8d., brought forward from the last account, produces a total of £94,449 17s. 4d.

They have declared the usual dividend of 6 per cent., with a bonus of 3 per cent., for the half year, free of income tax, being at the rate of 18 per cent per annum, which will absorb £90,000, and leave £4,449 17s. 4d. to be carried forward to profit and loss new account.

They have to announce the retirement of their esteemed colleague John William Burmester, Esq., from the direction, on account of advanced age, and the election of Frederick Youle, Esq., in his stead.

The dividend and bonus, together £1 16s. per share, free of income tax, will be payable at the head office, or at any of the branches, on or after Monday, the 14th inst.

BALANCE SHEET.

Of the London and County Banking Company, 30th June, 1871.

DR.		
To Capital paid up		£1,000,000 0 0
To Reserve Fund		500,000 0 0
To amount due by the Bank for customers' balances, &c.	£14,405,287 15 2	
To liabilities on acceptances, covered by securities	2,640,138 5 9	17,145,426 0 11
To profit and loss balance brought from last account	4,349 0 8	
To gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, viz.:	251,931 6 2	256,280 6 10
		£18,901,706 7 9
CR.		
By cash on hand at Head Office and branches, and with Bank of England	£2,130,797 4 3	
By cash placed at call and at notice, covered by securities	2,131,464 11 0	£4,262,261 15 3
Investments, viz.:		
By Government and guaranteed stocks	1,400,764 15 9	
By other stocks and securities	145,102 7 6	1,545,867 3 3
By discounted bills and advances to customers in town and country	10,061,582 2 2	
By liabilities of customers for drafts accepted by the Bank (as per contra)	2,640,138 5 9	12,701,720 7 11
By freehold premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, freehold and leasehold property at the branches, with fixtures and fittings		245,735 9 10
By interest paid to customers		38,220 6 3
By salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and branches, including income tax on profits and salaries		107,901 5 3
		£18,901,706 7 9

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To interest paid to customers, as above	£38,220 6 3
To expenses	107,901 5 3
To rebate on bills not due, carried to new account	15,708 18 0
To dividend of 6 per cent. for half-year	60,000 0 0
To bonus of 3 per cent.	30,000 0 0
To balance carried forward	4,449 17 4
	£256,280 6 10
Cr.	
By balance brought forward from last account	4,349 0 8
By gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	251,931 6 2
	£256,280 6 10

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing balance-sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed) WM. JARDINE,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
RICHARD H. SWAINE, } Auditors.

London and County Bank, July 27, 1871.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

"1. That the report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the shareholders.

"2. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company."

(Signed) W. CHAMPION JONES, Chairman.

The chairman having quitted the chair, it was resolved, and carried unanimously:—

"3. That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to William Champion Jones, Esq., for his able and courteous conduct in the chair."

(Signed) P. P. BLYTH, Deputy Chairman.
(Extracted from the Minutes.)
(Signed) F. CLAPPISON, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Notice is Hereby Given, that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 6 per cent. for the half-year ending 30th June, 1871, with a bonus of 3 per cent., will be PAID to the proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21, Lombard Street, or any of the Company's branch banks, on or after MONDAY, the 14th instant.

By order of the Board,
W. M'KEWAN, General Manager.
21, Lombard Street, Aug. 4, 1871.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE!

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT
GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, AND
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THESE HIGHLY IMPROVED INVENTIONS render Electricity perfectly self-applicable, in a mild, continuous form, and extremely efficacious, no shock or unpleasant sensation being experienced, whereby it becomes a true fountain of health and vigour, speedily soothing agonising pains, reanimating torpid limbs, reviving the sluggish functions of life, and imparting renewed energy and vitality to constitutions enfeebled by various influences. The daily increasing number of cures effected by PULVERMACHER'S MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM is so extensive and varied that it forcibly points to this invention as the embryo of a universal remedy.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY, signed by the élite of the English medical faculty, has been received:—

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in"
"testifying that Mr. J. L. PULVERMACHER'S"
"recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries"
"and Galvanic Appliances for Medical Purposes"
"are of great importance to Scientific Medicine,"
"and that he is entitled to the consideration"
"and support of every one disposed to further"
"the advancement of real and useful progress."

"Dated this 9th day of March, 1866."

"Sir CHAS. LOCOCK, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P."
"Sir WM. FERGUSSON, Bart., F.R.S."
"Sir J. RANALD MARTIN, F.R.C.S."

Also Recommended by
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C. B. RADCLIFFE, M.D., F.R.C.P.
A. CLARKE, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital.
&c., &c., &c.

TESTIMONIALS FOLLOWING comprise the continuation of a series of certificates published in rotation, and are but a small portion of a vast number published in a PAMPHLET containing besides various extracts from medical reports by great authorities, and opinions of the medical press, likewise numerous extracts from many standard scientific works, viz., Dr. PEREIRA'S "Materia Medica," 4th Edition; Dr. TANNER'S "Practice of Medicine," 8th Edition; and Dr. HANDFIELD JONES "On Nervous and Functional Disorders," &c. Sent post free on application to J. L. PULVERMACHER and CO., 168, Regent Street, London.

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"West Park, Tamerton, Plymouth.

"Some few months since I fortunately met with a gentleman (Mr. Hopcraft), who strongly recommended me to try one of your Electric Belts. I have for years suffered from a sluggish liver and all the horrors connected with the same. Since I have used your Electric Belt I have felt very much better, and have not taken medicine for months. When I feel an attack of bile or indigestion I apply the Belt, which invariably relieves. "JOHN JEFFERYS.

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

LUMBAGO. (Testimonial.)

"Grosvenor Street, late of 27, Albion Street, Stoke Newington, Dec. 20, 1869.

"I beg to acknowledge the efficacy of your Volta-Electric appliances. I have been suffering acutely with lumbago in the back, which has completely prostrated me. I procured one of your Volta-Electric Belts, and am happy to say it has completely cured me. I cannot too strongly recommend them. You are at liberty to make what use of this acknowledgment you please; and I shall be most happy to give any information to my fellow-sufferers. "J. C. DARBY, Chemist.

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W"

INDIGESTION. (Testimonial.)

"Prospect Place, Camden Crescent, Bath, May 1, 1871.

"Dear Sir,—Having derived great benefit by wearing one of your Voltaic Galvanic Belts, which I had of you last October, I feel that I am in duty bound to tender you my grateful thanks. I had been suffering for more than twelve months from severe indigestion, which at length became so bad that I felt afraid to eat anything. I am now thankful to say that my digestion has wonderfully improved, and my bodily health and strength much better.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, WM. HERON.

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

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FRESH GERMAN PINEAPPLES, Daily cut from my own Hothouses, by far surpassing the American fruit in delicacy of flavour and aroma.

Fresh Peaches, Apricots, and other Fruits sent in any quantity.

J. C. LEHMANN,
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PRESERVED GERMAN PINE-APPLES and other excellent Fruits, and preserved Vegetables.

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Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

INDIGESTION.

The Medical Profession adopt
MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE
As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
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